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Maclean's

NOVEMBER 10, 1980

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Editorial

At last—the big move in an all-Canadian energy game

By Peter C. Newman

Out of the welter of confusion, confrontation and chaos that has followed Allan Rock's first budget, one new element has emerged. Canadians at last have an energy policy we can call our own.

The happy fact is that, alone among the world's industrialized nations, Canada has a realistic opportunity of achieving self-sufficiency in energy by 1990. Jack Gallagher, the chairman of Dome Petroleum Ltd., recently predicted that Canada's proven recoverable tar sand and heavy oil reserves should provide adequate crude oil supplies for 300 years. In addition, an estimated 100 billion barrels of proven and potential conventional oil could stretch our energy supply for another 125 years. "No developed nation in the Western world," he stated, "has this ratio of supply and demand, and these massive hydrocarbon reserves are economic to find and develop at present world prices." While Gallagher operates a highly creative enterprise—52 per cent of the shares held in Canada—most of this underground treasure has been owned and developed by foreign investors. Of Canada's 28 largest petroleum companies, 17 are owned by outsiders, representing 70 per cent of total oil and gas sales and assets of close to \$30 billion.

By picking a firm target of "at least 50-per-cent

Canadian ownership by 1990" and by pledging that Ottawa will control "a significant number" of the larger companies through Petro-Canada, Energy Minister Mario Laframboise has taken a big step in a grant and necessary undertaking. His mission—to buy out control at fair market value of some of the petroleum giants—may not win him any popularity prizes in the nation's boardrooms. But as energy becomes the measure of a country's economic viability and future prosperity, it is imperative that, at the very least, half of our oil and gas resources be domestically controlled.

The move has had a peculiar multiplier effect. As foreign ownership of our petroleum industry has grown, the parent companies of these expanded investments here naturally expect ever-increasing dividends from their Canadian subsidiaries. This has increased Canada's capital outflow, worsening our balance of payments deficit and further weakening the Canadian dollar. This, in turn, has added to the cost of Canadian imports, aggravating the already drastic double-digit inflation. (Alternatively, the foreign-owned oil companies reinvest their earnings here, which, of course, eats down even further that minority of oil and gas wells owned by Canadian firms.)

In the business of appropriating the revenues of our oil and gas industry, what's at stake is not mere dollars and cents but control of our collective destinies.



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Chicken socialism

By Rodrick McQueen



With the federal deficit at \$14 billion and growing, the media in Ottawa has been the back stage here. But last week a new brochure was begun. Please understand, first of all, that the writer who typed it, what happened was not a budget. Oh, they lacked up 582 journalists in an Ottawa train station where the trains don't run anymore, filled them with breakfast coffee and brave talk, formed pillars of paper around the price, but spoke not a jot about the actual staff of budgets. Then the ever-present but anonymous officials had unexplained difficulty in describing just how what was not done would affect the economy of Canada in the coming year. "Somewhat less expensively," one finally offered. "Structurally stimulating," smiled a second. A multitude of madcap meanings.

In fact, the good times are all gone Finance Minister Allan Rock, the ironic man, chose to do nothing instead of plunging in with action which might only prove to be dumb. Many are the post finance ministers who remain lost in the black hole of their bad habits. Not so this man. Oh, who knows that you can't possibly get in the wrong place if you stand very still and stay very quiet. He didn't even bother to wear the traditional new budget shoes. As a result of his touch-me-not view of the world, double-digit inflation will continue its well-meaning ways, unemployment will march up to 8.5 per cent, the overall revenues will give way to a pay growth rate of one per cent next year, interest rates will continue to float somewhere in the stratosphere and the money supply will stay as tight as a jammed door. And yet.

And yet amidst the naming news there was an old idea pulled from the back shelf of the front cellar, a jar of preserves newly opened and found to be tasty still, economic nationalism. Not the watered-down Walter Gaudin that the government of Lester Pearson served up in the 1960s, but that time around a firm and well-ripened attack on the big boys: the foreign-owned companies. These are the multinationalists that pay little or no income tax and move their profits around at the whim of a dictator's lust. If the money on investment in Germany is better than Sudanoiland, well, pack up and move along. If the cost of doing business in Montevideo gets too high, on to Montevideo.

In one of the most blandly worded threats ever to bubble from a bureaucracy's lips, the Trudeau government announced deep within their slush of words that it "recognizes that the National Energy Program represents a fundamental resource, in many instances, from the current policy environment." [and] some from may regret the new conditions as unsatisfactory. The government's acquisition

pragmatism provides an answer for them. The government of Canada is a willing buyer, at fair and reasonable prices. And there is more. Before that happens, the company will have been seized up by the shock troops, the not-so-well-thrust of expropriation of private interests in crown-owned lands, the reduction in assistance programs and tax incentives for some companies and an \$11.7-billion tax atop of corporate revenues before the bookkeepers can ledger them down in their ledgers.

In all, it's an ever colder climate that will make most multinational companies warily view Canada as some business republic without the business. A script for a conservation between government as willing buyer and Big Oil as surprised seller will very soon sound something like this:

Wahine: We're ready to be at a friendly price.
Big Oil: We haven't had a fire.
Wahine: I smell one starting even as we speak.

But while there is flame, elsewhere is the package there is fireless. Consumer prices will rise only slightly less quickly over the next few years than they would have under the fast-deflated Progressive Conservative budget of last December. And true, there is no expected export tax, just a tax on all natural gas, excluding export. However, there may be vice, but there is certainly vision. If the government were to buy a couple of large foreign-owned companies through Petrobras or other agencies, for say, \$10 billion—and pay for those purchases with consumers' money—it would add a mere one cent a litre at the gas pump over 20 years. And the result of all these plans? A country that's at least 36-per-cent Canadian-owned within 30 years. That's a significant and welcome ownership restructuring in an industry now 70-per-cent foreign-owned.

It's a grand scheme, but one not warmly received by ousted Finance Minister John Crosbie, who not intending in the House, all dumped and emptied, a shatter of his former self. His December budget had but 16 hours, this one may have 40 months. Crosbie called it a shame and a shoddy, but it is possible he was posturing. The Toronto Star's Rochefort took one look, now socialist red and the oil and gas rules sunk 13 per cent in the three trading days following the budget's airing. The oil companies, over hauled, talked of byre parties. And Peter Laugherd declared World War Free.

Through it all the consumer will whine, so, as prices for gasoline at the pump and for heating oil at home double in the next four years in a result of Ottawa's declaration: attack on all your houses. But what a deal. For one high price comes patronage at petrol and a new Ottawa's motto to boot: chicken socialism. Which is just enough socialism to get to the other side.

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Rodrick McQueen is the managing editor of Maclean's.



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Suffer the children

There's a danger of kids being shortchanged in favor of the old

By Douglas Barr



Last year, during International Year of the Child, it was trendy to focus, albeit briefly, on the needs of kids but as the fads from memory, I see an alarming erosion of support for child welfare services in Canada. The focus is shifting away from children as the number of elderly Canadians grows, and there's a danger of kids being shortchanged in favor of the old. This is happening at our peril.

It is clear that, politically, the future belongs to the elderly. They vote. Today there are 2.2 million senior citizens in Canada, 40 years from now there will be 6.2 million. Today, one out of 11 Canadians is elderly. In 2000, it will be one out of five. Governments are beginning to recognize "gray power." The federal government, of course, is talking about increasing contributions to the Canada Pension Plan, which is in trouble because of the increasing demands on it. Services to senior citizens are growing in number and importance, and this in itself should be good. No one wants to deny the elderly help. But it is "generous, good-faith" to provide that help at the expense of the young.

Perhaps the obvious needs stating: the children of today are the taxpayers of tomorrow. Now there are seven tax-paying Canadians for every senior citizen, in 30 years there will be three. Without a productive group of taxpayers, where will the money come from to pay the huge increases needed for services to the aged?

Clearly, we can't afford to lose any kids to crime, mental illness or any other form of long-term dependency. If only out of self-interest, we should make sure that child welfare is not overshadowed. But it will require a major turnaround in our thinking.

Poverty affects one out of every six Canadians, and the most damaged are the children of the poor. They are subject to ill health throughout much of their lives, have a small chance of getting a higher education and a good chance of getting into trouble as teen-agers. Poor housing, unhealthy diet, disrupted home life, harassed and possibly abusive parents—all these factors cripple children and hamper their development as viable and productive citizens. As head of the largest child welfare organization in North America, I'm in a position to know of, and be much disturbed by, the effects of endemic poverty on children, by the increasing breakdown of family life and by the growing numbers of older and more difficult youngsters brought to our attention.

Governments pay lip service to the need for preventive services for troubled families and children, but they seem loath to put money where their mouth is. Politicians seem to be riding a backlash against young people. Some, like

Keith Hartman, Ontario minister of community and social services, are publicly questioning the need for services such as subsidized day care. If for no other reason than ensuring the future berries, we should be doing all we can to help mothers become tax-paying citizens. Another example: in 1977, 28 per cent of the social services budget in Saskatchewan went to the elderly—three times the proportion spent on children and families. Experts predict that the percentage of children requiring specialized treatment will not be declining at the same rate as the drop in overall child population. They also predict a rise in postnatal violence, teen-age vandalism and adolescent alienation in general.

What should we be doing? We must make a real commitment to prevention, by raising family welfare rates to the poverty line and increasing the federal child tax credit, which benefits lower-income families, through the abolition of the highly regressive exemption for dependent children, which favors wealthier families. We must develop and adequately fund programs such as parenting education and teaching programs which link drug abuse to possible birth defects. We must monitor the health and lifestyle of pregnant girls and women, expand life-skills training for new parents, watch for signs of child abuse, develop adequate daycare programs for infants and preschoolers and provide separation and divorce counselling where children are involved.

We must also look at the split developing between young and old, reflected emotionally in areas such as Florida, which may dramatically mirror the future of not only the United States, but Canada as well. The growing hostilities there almost amount to a war between the generations. Elderly Floridians, who feel they have paid their dues, are fighting against government spending on youth programs, education, day care, family housing, and other services which they fear will diminish their own programs. That several provinces in Canada have not implemented compulsory citizens over 65 from paying education taxes is, in my view, another ominous sign. All of us have a stake in the education of the future generations. Today's tax-paying Canadians must be persuaded that it is to their own benefit to help ensure that there will be a healthy, productive tax-paying populace to pay the debt tomorrow.

Finally, we should be tapping into the rich resource of the elderly, the resource of experience. Programs linking the very young to the very old, such as foster grandparents, schools, and those encouraging senior citizens to help out in day-care centres, have proved a benefit to both age groups. The elderly can be involved in schools and social agencies in dozens of ways. There has always been a strong bond between the very young and the very old. They need each other. Let's not destroy that bond. We can't afford to.

Douglas Barr is the executive director of the Children's Aid Society of Metro Toronto.



AGE PRESS



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Shade under a red rock, water from a dry land



By Paul Harrison

Nehai Serwida, a 40-year-old Maasai woman from Kenya's Rift Valley, needs no reminding of the importance of clean, accessible water. Every morning she sets off after breakfast, an old oil drum on her back, on a eight-kilometer hike to a spring. The entire journey takes about five hours and uses up most of the daily calories she eats. Not surprisingly, she is emaciated and prematurely aged. It is to benefit people like her (and 1.3 billion others who lack access to clean water) that the United Nations next week launches the International Drinking Water Supply and Sanitation Decade. The aim—to bring clean water and adequate sanitation within reach of everybody by 1990—could slash infant mortality and the toll of disease by 80 per cent, and ease the lives of people everywhere.

Most UN officials admit the target is unrealistic. But any progress at all will bring incalculable benefits to people such as the Maasai. The rugged-haired nomads and semi-nomads roam the savanna on nearly empty pastures from East Africa. But the world is not aware the miserable day-to-day realities of lives dominated by the pursuit of water.



Maasai and traditional dug-and-bring home (above), or new water pump, new buildings.

To North American eyes, the Rift Valley unfolds like a scene from another planet. A flat expanse of brown, rolling, dusty bushes inhabited only by Maasai, their animals and Kenya's rich wildlife, it is as dry as tinder in all but the rainy season when much of it turns to swamp. Lack of water has made no-

made of the Maasai. They move with their herds of cattle, goats and sheep in search of green pastures which shift with the seasons.

Their roaming life exacts stiff penalties. Children can't go to school. Instead, Nehai's 13-year-old boy is out with the family's goats, a spear in one hand ready for elephants, umbrellas in the other in case of a cloudburst. In a few years he will become a moro, or warrior, and will live for seven years with other moros and their girlfriends in a special camp, hunting lions and fighting with local government officers.

Maasai houses have to be makeshift. The house that Nehai built for her husband and five children is typical: a whitewashed framework of twigs and branches plastered with pure cow dung, too low to stand in and devoid of either light or ventilation. When Nehai cooks, the hot fumes with thick, choking smoke. At night the animals come home. The cows are herded into a tangle of branches, the goats and calves move in with the family. Nehai's marriage has been troubled into a mess of mud and cow-dung. Flies cluster thick round her children's mouths and eyes, carrying skin infections, conjunctivitis and trachoma, all of which flourish because there is never enough water to wash. The traditional Maasai are trapped in a vicious circle of ill health and lack of education.

Water can break the circle. Just a few truckloads miles away from the Serwida compound, it has worked a total transformation of the traditional life, thanks to a curious partnership between a tough American missionary and a wily old Maasai with a vision of his people's future.

Samuel Odinga, in between 70 and 80 years old, but he looks 30 years younger. He has five wives and 35 children, the youngest still at the breast. In 1970 Odinga heard that a missionary was looking for Maasai land to build a church. Odinga had a stirring interest in Christianity—he still had the copy of the Bible from which his mother, a woman of the Kikuyu tribe, had taught him to read. So he invited the missionary, Henry Serwida, to build on his traditional granite lands at Oluk Oleke, 30 km west of Nairobi. Serwida was prepared to work as well as to preach, and soon earned the Swahili nickname *mbeki*, or lion. "They asked us what we needed most," Odinga explains. "I said, we need water so my people can rest and my children can get away from the flies and the dust."

Grateful, beholden, missionary funds and technical help while Odinga and his family slipped in hard labor and

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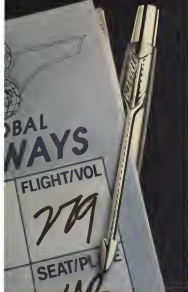
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extra lush. In 1992 they built a dam. Standing in the Ngong hills during the rainy season, you can see its fan of muddy brown slushing out luxuriantly against the green plains. The dam now provides year-round watering for the cattle at Oluk Obher. The family can rest in one place at last, and the children can attend the new school half a mile from the village.

Together with Olengula, Danny Grindle has designed a new style of permanent housing to replace the over-dung hut, a cheap but spacious half-cylinder of concrete laid over chicken wire frames and fitted with a raised stove, a sliding and plastic windows. Four tall, wooden poles above the valley, lifting dam water up to the houses. The women now have only a short walk to the 150-odd-pounded tank, instead of a five-kilometre trek up a steep hill to the nearest spring. They have an extra five hours at their disposal every day—time enough to walk to the nearest town to trade, or to work the rich soil of their irrigated vegetable garden, bristling with neat rows of spinach, carrots, onions, tomatoes, lemons and cabbage. The Maasi normally store vegetables. "They goin' out leaves," they say. That was the wisdom of necessity, because they couldn't grow or store them. Now the dozens of Olengula's children who pour out of school look well-fed—the men so because the dam was recently stocked with fat fish, clams and black bass.

When he started the dam project, Simon Olengula was laughed at by his fellow Maasi for allowing the missionary a place on his land. No more. He has expanded his herd to 200 cattle and 500 goats, and recently became the proud owner of a bar-mat-hotel in Ngong, the local town where Maasi wrapped in pink-checked robes come to sip tea and trade milk and cheese for maize meal. Water has made Simon Olengula a capitalist.

It's harder to say if Danny Grindle has used Olengula to spread Christianity—or if Olengula has used Grindle to attract funds for development and expansion. Either way, traditions are dying fast at Oluk Obher. Olengula has accepted Grindle's call for monoagony and has not taken any new wives since 1970. He has no intention of taking his sons out of school as they can become warriors. "That is just foolishness," he feels. "The women just waste their time sitting around in the bush waiting for lions." Traditions will die, too, among the rem of the Maasi who, inevitably, will follow in Olengula's footsteps as soon as new water supplies allow them to settle down too. No one acquainted with the rigors and disadvantages of their way of life can feel regret at that prospect. But it is important that, like Olengula, they should retain their inconvertible dignity. ☐

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A Lyon in winter: the Tory's Tory bows down to his makers



The world can be divided into good guys and the Commies

By Susan Riley

For the liberal-left western media establishment—and its friends in Pierre Trudeau's cabinet, in the universities and among Toronto's bohemians—Marble's modestly right-wing premier, Sterling Rufus Lyon, is regarded as everything from a troubling anachronism to a dangerous irony. The stout redhead affords contemporary style at every turn. It is a minor detail, but his executive assistant wears a Ronald Reagan tie—a personal gift from the premier, who attended the Republican Detroit convention last summer as a fascinated observer. More significant are Lyon's bullheadedly archaic political views. He openly proclaims that the world can be divided into "the good guys and the Commies." He believes "the materials who can China" whatever their shortcomings,

are less dangerous to world order than the late Marxist leader Salvador Allende "became at least they are on our side." He thinks the current Pope is the best thing to happen to the Catholic Church is years because he emphasizes "discipline." His admired heroes include Margaret Thatcher, Winston Churchill and fellow Prairie Prefect, John Diefenbaker. He is an "unrepentant mercantilist," loyal to his Scottish-born roots and skeptical of people who dream or believe in utopian ideas. His favorite misanthropic pastime is hunting sharp-tailed grouse (game chickens)—he does not jog—and his wife stays home out of the limelight, raising their five children (aged 12 to 21) virtually single-handed. The 58-year-old premier has a happy, traditional marriage. He likes to read Canadian history and politics, drink scotch (moderately), but recently stopped

going to church regularly because, he says, the United Church is getting too caught up in social issues instead of sticking to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Not surprisingly, in Lyon's three years as premier he has alienated almost every progressive, labor, professional and minority group in the province. Even some members of his caucus regard him with fear because of his occasionally caustic tongue. He has infuriated Marxist feminists by referring to Tory women as good "breeders" and has stung the New Democratic opposition by referring to its caucus as a "fractured unit." This is not—for the eastern ruling elite and a growing number of ordinary Manitobans—a pretty picture.

At this point, the conventional journalistic gambit would be to say that Lyon is not all he seems, he is an enigma. But that is not true. Sterling Lyon is exactly what he appears to be: a committed, right-wing ideologue. He is also blunt and honest and has a sense of humor, delivering some of his most savage lines with what one colleague calls "a sense of high old Victorian abuse." Lyon relishes debate—he's good at it—and loves to win. If precise presentation his analysis is less simplistic than his public utterances would indicate, but they tend to lead to the same conclusions: socialism is an evil cancer and mankind's only salvation lies in free-market capitalism.

Lyon's greatest strength is his conviction, his greatest weakness is his conviction," says Ed Green, the independent MLA who is about the only apparent member who will still have a drink with Lyon. Compared with the slippery opportunists that mark as much of Canadian politics, Lyon's consistency and principle make a refreshing change. But pundits don't last long in politics. Lyon was never personally popular, and his image at home is worse than ever—partly because of the dimly real with which his government slashed spending and lapsed at the civil service in its early days, and partly because of Lyon's own perpetually inflammatory rhetoric. "It just doesn't make sense," says one longtime political watcher. "Why would he want to avoid moderation in private and so extreme in public? It's usually the other way around."

Lyon's aides are helping his new high profile on the national scene—where he is helping lead the fight against Pierre Trudeau's constitutional plans—will enhance his image at home, give him an aura of statesmanship. The premier's interventions at the constitutional conference in September were indeed temperate and persuasive, and he managed to convince many doubters he is not against human rights—just against ex-



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treating them in a constitution. He presented himself, quite convincingly, as the embodiment of British parliamentary decorum, vying a gentlemanly battle against Pierre Trudeau, whose "mid-Atlantic, Galle" mind marks him, in Lyon's view, as a closet capitalist.

But the making of Sterling Lyon's image is not going to be easy. The man is fueled by an intense hatred for socialism—he sees it everywhere from Pierre Trudeau's cabinet to Pierre Bérubé's books—and he can't seem to



Western premiers (from left) Lyon, Pierre Bérubé, Pierre Trudeau and Bill Bennett: foes of the "mid-Atlantic, Galle" mind.

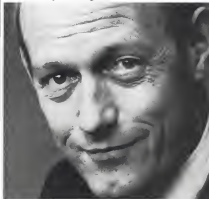
help blurring out some put-downs at every opportunity.

Such ideological barriers grew naturally as Lyon, who was raised in the careful farming community of Portage la Prairie, neither rich nor poor, by dint of sheer effort and scholarships, became a moderately successful corporate lawyer, drug store, attorney general in Duff Roblin's Tory government at the age of 31 and, three years ago, premier of Manitoba. Those are tough, conservative roots, and they are responsible for a poisonous atmosphere in Manitoba's legislature, where 40 per cent of the seats are NDP. "There is a consensus around here," complains NDP free-trader Len Bevan of Brandon. "This government has been mean, negative and unimaginative." The general prevalence of that view might account for the Tories' current slump in the popularity polls.

The irony is that in real life Lyon has behaved far more reasonably than his speeches suggest. He has had to like his keeno, Margaret Thatcher, he has discovered that economic revival based on the free and unfettered operation of market capitalism is a slow—some would say delusory—process. For all the defiance, "Tory cockiness" across the country as the time Lyon was elected, the world has proven too complicated for neo-conservatives' simple remedies. This is particularly true in Manitoba.

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1) **Conserve.** Conservation buys (use to develop Canada's own oil and gas potential. Drive fuel-efficient cars. Join a car pool. Take the bus. Walk more. Check your home's insulation. Lower the thermostat.)

2) **Understand** the need for higher prices. Canada is running out of cheap oil. The early discoveries have been made. What remains is more difficult to find and more expensive to produce. Developing the tar sands and frontier reserves is very very costly.

3) **Let Canada's oil companies get on with their job.** There is no more efficient energy task force in the world. But Canada still lacks a national energy plan. Rapid, economical development of tar sands places against the frontier, and even the traditional Western oil patch is expensive unless Canadians unite behind an effective program.

To Julie Madsen and other concerned Canadians, it's worth the price.

OIL FORUM CONVERSATIONS WITH CANADIANS

If you would like to learn more about Canada's petroleum industry, films, brochures and speakers are available. Write to: The Petroleum Resources Communication Foundation, Box 8746, Station D, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2E6.

OIL FORUM Background

Canada's reserves of cheap oil have been declining since 1973. The confronts Canadians with a choice: develop the country's more costly energy resources, such as Alberta's conventional tar sands and the northern frontiers, or depend increasingly on foreign oil. Self-sufficiency in oil and gas will cost Canadians upwards of \$250 billion. Yet foreign oil will cost even more, assuming it remains available at all.

Keeping these billions of dollars within our own economy rather than handing them over to foreign nations will help Canadians in important ways.

- **Jobs.** That tremendous amount of money will create many thousands of permanent jobs.
- **Other industries.** An active oil industry is a big buyer of vehicles, steel, electronics, ships, and hardware for other products made in Canada from coast to coast.

- **Research.** Canadian energy technology already leads the world on several fronts, notably Arctic offshore drilling and tar sands. A "pushed by Canada" petroleum policy means more money for Canadian scientists and technicians to search further into the existing possibilities of the country's vast energy potential.

- **Trade balance.** A reduced foreign trade bill would strengthen the Canadian economy.

However, the rewards of self-sufficiency cannot occur automatically. The federal and provincial governments, as well as the oil and gas companies, must co-operate in careful planning.

Money is also essential. A tar sands plant capable of producing 1% of Canada's annual oil consumption costs about \$9.7 billion. A single well in the deep waters of offshore Newfoundland or in the remote Beaufort Sea can cost \$50 million. Five tar sands wells at such a cost, the most expensive Alberta wells. These costs are rising quickly.

The oil companies are reviewing their reserves in new energy production at a record rate. The industry is now spending \$107 for every \$100 it recovers, but self-sufficiency will require even greater investment. And it's risky work. Only one in ten exploration wells is successful.

In Canada, the price of oil set by governments, not companies. And governments receive the lion's share of what people pay for oil and gas. If Canadians are to reap the benefits of building up secure energy supplies, these governments must share the oil and gas companies' strong commitment to that goal.

Energy today offers Canadians the more dramatic development opportunity since the time of the pioneers and railroad builders. The Canadian petroleum industry is ready to meet that challenge, with your help.

In Lyon's three years as premier he has alienated almost every progressive and minority group in the province

ha, which suffers these days from a stable population, the lingering effects of last spring's drought, the U.S. recession and the fact that no oil has been discovered lately within its boundaries.

Not that the Lyon government hasn't had its successes. Mining activity has boomed thanks partly to the removal of an NTC tax on exploration, and a \$100-million hydroelectric power deal is expected to be signed next year with Alberta. In one of its many surprising de-

ments, the province's finance act which had it not for a little legislative dust, would have prohibited anyone outside Manitoba from contributing to a provincial election campaign—with slightly less stringent rules for corporations, those traditional Tory buddies. Finally, the government lost a good deal of public support when it threatened to phase out river controls, leaving thousands of elderly miners panic-stricken.



Lyon with wife, Barbara, and two of their five children after winning 1977 election: a national marriage, and he doesn't jog

partures from right-wing orthodoxy, Lyon's government has entered a partnership with a private firm to run a job at near the Saskatchewan border. Lyon says he has always approved of a limited role for public enterprise. His message simply hasn't been put across. "The problem with ideologues," says one of the premier's former associates, "is that they are hellbent on being right, then they get hammered when they compromise."

That was perfectly clear during last spring's legislative session, which qualified as an almost unmitigated disaster for the Tories. First there was the infamous legislation which would have made it illegal for political candidates to make "misleading statements" during campaigns; another series of political opprobria, an embarrassed Lyon was forced to withdraw the badly drafted legislation, calling it a "wild proposal." Next came a controversial plan to give a newly appointed energy authority the right to enter private homes in emergencies to check for refractives—hardly consistent with Lyon's Big Brother parameters—and dropped after it was so-

at the prospect of huge rent increases. All this came gilded in a record deficit projected at \$200 million by a cost spring—higher than the NDP's politically disastrous \$201-million shortfall in 1977. And that from a government that three years ago promised thrift and a balanced budget. Instead of heading for tax cuts, economic growth and social justice, the Lyon government seems to be facing the last year of its term amidst mounting austerity, confusion and growing public discontent.

It could well be that Sterling Lyon will be dedicated next year—it is a common prediction—to be remembered, perhaps, as a cheerful, short-faced mentor across Manitoba's political night. Officials say he never understands why people don't see things his way, but they also say he will accept the verdict of the people. He may be unfashionable—narrow in some views and extreme in others—but Lyon is no tyrant. He believes in the democratic process. Says Sid Green, administrator "I don't regard Sterling Lyon as a dangerous ideologue. He will give the people a chance—either accept my ideas or throw me out. And he will live with their decision. The dangerous people in politics are those who say one thing and do another." ☐



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wide-ranging criminal activities in the town that boasts of being the world's gambling capital.

Anthony Spilotro, better known as "Tony the Ant," is said to be the head of the Mafia in Las Vegas. In October, 1978, *Miami* reported that federal tax officials believed that Spilotro and his organization were pulling in \$1 million a year from slot machines alone. The Nevada Gaming Control Board was preparing at that time to put Spilotro's name in the so-called "black book," a list of people barred from entering casinos—which they did not long afterward. He has kept a low profile since then, quietly fixing in the back round



Anthony Spilotro: no anti in the casino

to the grand jury gaffers, *enforce* against him. The FBI and local police make no secret of the fact that they follow Spilotro and his wife wherever they go.

Affiliates filed in U.S. district court in Las Vegas last year claim that Spilotro, 42, was sent to Nevada in the early 1970s by the "Chicago outfit," a major branch of the nationwide Mafia organization. Before that he is said to have worked as a "kit man" in Chicago. He was once arrested for harboring a suspected informer with an ex-girl.

Jack Stratton, a member of the Nevada Gaming Control Board, told *Miami* he: "We keep a very close eye on Spilotro. As a matter of fact, he didn't even have leave to order at Diamond City. He had just entered the place when someone tipped him off that the police were about to move." The Ant made it home but later surrendered.

William Lowther

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Man of the moment

In my opinion, the front cover of your Sept. 15 issue (*Alberta Demands Its Due*) was totally out of proportion. It is not Premier Peter Lougheed who is Canada's (or, for that matter, anyone else's) hero—it is Terry Fox. You should have given him his due by giving him prominence as the cover *Schenley*!

C. GIERA, TORONTO

If Terry Fox is our own Canadian hero, then surely he deserves a closer scrutiny in Canada's national newspaper. He has done more to unite the country in a positive tone than any politician could ever hope to.

ANN HARRISON, STAMFORD, MAN.

As a native Albertan, and one growing a vision of Canada spreading beyond the boundaries of this province, I was pleased to read your article on Alberta. However, in her enthusiasm to deal with the royalties issue, the writer mistakenly credited the winged individual with the honor of winning the James Gray essay contest. It was Leslie Gerna, a Grade 10 student at St. Winciford Churchill High School in Calgary, who was the author of the prize-winning essay.

R. HULTBERG, CALGARY

Shogun's heroes

Your article on *Shogun* (*Promo-Tone* Science, Television, Sept. 12) was very accurate and all was true, except for "...and Chamberlain had been smug." I had always little inner strength and we never got as deeply into him as we want to. I and my comrades, who have seen both the series and read James Clavell's great novel, feel very strongly that Chamberlain was the best choice in his role as Angkor. For Mr. O'Toole to state his opinion is, of course, his prerogative, and hence I have felt obligated to state mine.

DANIELLE F. WAGNE, CALGARY

Holiday of a lifetime

I find it difficult to believe that *Maclean's* magazine would offer to its readers an article such as *A Trip Down Memory Lane* (World, Sept. 26). It is an interesting/understandable as today's society that people would not actively seek to relive the treatment of a Man commemo-

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and send correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, *Maclean's* magazine, 170 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5P 1A1.



Terry Fox at Thunder Bay airport: has done more to unite country than politicians

ration camp. It makes me curious to see these sophisticated men not seem to find newer forms of entertainment. To the many heroes being who suffered at the hands of the German Nazis, this is an unmitigated compassion and containing no value whatsoever. All I can say is, "how sad."

KEATHEN STUPPER, OTTAWA

With regard to Rob Aronson's "dream vacation" at an exclusive POW camp, one can only be repulsed by this exercise in profiling on bad taste and mindless thrill-seeking. Imagine paying \$45 for the "privilege" of being incarcerated in Aronson's *Ambleton* when millions paid with their lives for the same "privilege" during the Second World War.

WILLIAM JOHN STUPPO, OTTAWA

Errant emphasis

Can you, by any stretch of the clouded imagination, tell me why it is imperative to read about some gentleman from England? (London Society's God, As, Piville, Nigel Dempster, Sept. 8.) I thought *Maclean's* was supposed to be a Canadian magazine with emphasis on Canadian talent. I cannot lose the British one or the American one's too. Give me something Canadian and I will do anything in my power to make this country work.

NORTH MILLER, NICHOLSON, B.C.

MRP is on its way

I wish to commend you for your excellent article on bergs (*The Creeping Shores of the Love Firm*, Health, Sept. 8). Since its appearance we have received numerous calls from throughout Canada inquiring into our program. Although MRP currently has organized only one local chapter in the Toronto area, over the next six to eight months we plan to initiate local groups in Vancouver, Montreal, Winnipeg and other cities throughout Canada. For information on our programs, readers should send a self-addressed envelope and \$5.00 in coin to cover return postage to: MRP, P.O. Box 390, Palo Alto, Ca 94304, U.S.A.

CARLA P. HINES, HELP PROGRAM DIRECTOR, CA.

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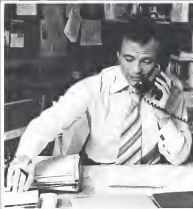
THE GOLD STANDARD



CROSS
SINCE 1846

Q&A: Moses Znaimer

Television et cetera according to Moses



'We stand on the threshold of breakthroughs'

Moses Znaimer, 38, is the bright and break co-founder and president of Toronto's City TV, the first 100% commercial television station in Canada. In its eight years, City has diversified despite the fact that Toronto, with 26 channels, is the world's most competitive television market. Born in Russia, Znaimer graduated from McGill University as philosophy and politics and from Harvard as government. He acquired much of his broadcasting experience between 1985 and 1989 at CTV where, as "Moses Brilbaum," he originated, produced and/or hosted programs such as *Cross Country Chop-lop*, *Take Thirty*, *The Way It Is* and an outstanding 11-part retrospective on the 50th anniversary of the *Russian Revolution*. At City, he is executive producer of every on-air production. While Znaimer the entrepreneur has lately also produced three

stage presentations and has acted in three movies, most of his chatup, interview and wrap-up remains concentrated on television. "One of TV's rare original thinkers," as a critic has called him, recently delved with Bruce Haskin, front section editor at *Maclean's*.

Maclean's: What do you think of television?

Znaimer: It's one of the pervasive tools of the age, as pervasive as money. A lot of people imagined that TV's high moment came with Marshall McLuhan. It was thought then that TV's decade had passed. Now everybody knows that's not true and that we stand on the threshold of even more significant breakthroughs than 35 years ago.

Maclean's: And that's why you're in it?
Znaimer: And because I like it, because I'm good at it, and because I think re-

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entertainment, information and culture are the central businesses of 1989. I've seen figures that suggest that as much as half of the cost of most sophisticated nations is already dedicated to the movement of information. But besides that, it's vital to the soul of a country and to its future.

Maclean's: Is this recommended to Canada?
Zelizer: It's not unusual that the more deeply committed politicians who work to focus our attention on the constitution, on national unity, haven't also been willing to elevate the culture and information industry to the level of the

resource industry. They are equally important. Why can't the politicians see that part of what's going to convince Canadians to stay together is the articulation and fusion of collective objectives, heroes, a sense of pride and confidence?

Maclean's: What to do?
Zelizer: If I were the government, I would articulate my allegiance to the culture industry. I would work to reform the CBC. I would restructure the capital-cost allowances [which underpin the Canadian movie industry] to create more meaningful Canadian con-

tent but still leave incentive for independent producers. And I would hurry to freeze a pay-TV system with a heavy amount of Canadian content required in it. But in the past dozen years, the voice is silent that represents these interests here. I had much to do. There's still a reader in our political system of Mackenzie King's "How many votes are there in the arts?" attitude.

Maclean's: What would you do about the CBC?

Zelizer: First, get it out of commercial. CBC management itself has said for years it should get out of this schizophrenic bag. They need an increase in the annual appropriation from government. Second, because so much of CBC's money is sucked up by its massive personnel infrastructure, I would reorganize the system so that, for instance, CBC would get out of program manufacturing altogether—except for news and sports. But what happens instead is that the CBC gets a new "tax" every few years. A single individual can't change that institution by himself.

Maclean's: You indicated earlier that the use of TV can be expanded.

Zelizer: There is no limit to the imagination of man and the wit of the commercial system. Every day somebody is going to figure out some other reason to add to that device. The most discussed aspect of communications today is the prospect of demand broadcasting—the ability of an individual to program his or her own entertainment-information consumption. Video discs, pay-TV, multiple channels broadcast by satellite and delivered by local cable companies are all aspects of that. The brave new future has already been in place for some time in Canada, especially in Toronto.

Maclean's: Could you give a specific example of an expanded use of TV?

Zelizer: The Olympics. I think it is a physical event located in one place distinguished by obscure spectators of all sorts—in many sporting events, too much money, too many security problems, too many backlogs cities and too much politics. I think it's high time the Games were brought up to date with instantaneous planet-wide communications. The Olympics are already an electronic event. In Munich 46 million people attended while, according to ABC, 800 million watched it on TV. In Montreal it was 2.2 million versus 1.6 billion. I propose to organize the Games into an internationally switched TV spectacular—a two- or three- or four-week series like *Wide World of Sports*, if you will. One moment you're in a tiny African country, which otherwise would never participate, where they happen to have the best bicycle tracks. The athletes and enthusiasts for that sport would go to that country. A central



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BALLY

switcher takes the event. Next, by the magic of satellites, we switch to Brussels for a field and track event, then to Los Angeles for swimming, and on to Moscow for weightlifting. I think it would capture the imagination of the world. Dozens of small Olympic stadiums all over the globe. At the flick of a switch, athletes at home go to Argentina for soccer, to the Thames for rowing.

When the Games were reintroduced in 1896 in Athens, you see, there were nine sporting categories with a handful of athletes from 12 countries. Now we have 55 categories and some 6,000 athletes from 90 countries. My idea, I realize, removes the horrendous negatives of financing, logistics and politics. Yet the spiritual point behind the Olympics comes alive precisely because you could not better describe the concept's universality and the friendship of people than to originate it from all the countries in the world rather than from one.

Maclean's: Where would that central switcher be?

Zimmer: How about at City?

Maclean's: Do you see an expanded use of TV perhaps in reducing innocent in the world?

Zimmer: Israel has a single TV outlet funded and controlled by the government. I suspect they built a second. I think a powerful transmission system, crossed with North American imagination and hustle could have an enormous impact on the entire region. It could project a benevolent, co-operative image to 50 million viewers easily. Lay down your guns, I say, and pick up your computer.

Maclean's: But nobody is interested?

Zimmer: Like the Canadian government—if I'm not stretching the analogy—the Israeli government believes the important things in life have to do with geopolitical-economic issues. Something like TV is frivolous, a waste of time.

Yet, you know, a terribly important issue is coming that we're going to have to deal with "open areas." With satellites aloft, we'll all be able to receive all the world's TV in our homes 10, 15 years from now. Technically, this is definitely possible, but I fear that political considerations may prevent it. Still, it is a future that is potentially there—a world in which we would have much more sympathy one for the other. It would become conceivable we'd simply get to know our neighbors and learn to appreciate what they're all about. With a flick of the switch we would be able to juxtapose East with West, North with South. And we would prove what we all know: people is people. We all like to eat, have a good time, and think about a better future for ourselves and the kids that come after us. ☐

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City Scene

A political homosexual in Toronto the Straight



By Cheryl Hawkes

Hiding: chances to win more than good

George Hiding is an remarkable man in his early 60s, an affable man with a pleasant, ready smile. An alderman candidate in this week's municipal election in Toronto, Hiding is a standard, slightly left-of-centre liberal politician who talks about gay and education, housing and tenants' rights, parks and planning. He is also a homosexual—openly and proudly so. And he is one of the first avowed homosexuals in any Canadian election who has a chance to win.

Hiding says he entered the municipal campaign because friends convinced him it was time a homosexual tried to break into city hall, and that Toronto was the only Canadian city where it could be done. They seem to be right. Hiding is running in Toronto's downtown Ward 6, which has a large homosexual population, and the insiders say his chances are more than good. Toronto's gay community is visible and growing—a result of considerable migration from other Canadian towns and cities and considerable migration from local districts. Estimates of the number of resident gays run as high as 250,000.

The *Body Politic*, a gay liberation magazine with national distribution, is published here. There is a growing number of gay bars and restaurants, clubs and hotels, bookshops, travel agencies and art galleries. There are also close to 40 service organizations in the city

aimed exclusively at the gay community: a gay Alcoholics Anonymous, gay Catholics, gay Anglicans, gay fathers, lesbian mothers, gay youth, gay Asians, gay scientists and more. The Gay Community Appeal, formed early at the door by Toronto's United Appeal, has taken to raising funds for a few of them. Hiding runs out in the Toronto Lambda Business Council, a collection of some 30 gay-owned businesses, which Hiding, a leader in the gay community for the past decade, helped set up in 1977. Lambda is an alternate Chamber of Commerce comprised of just a few of the city's homosexual capitalists, and represents part of what President Richard Brown calls Toronto's "gay establishment." About a year ago his group launched a "buy gay" campaign, urging homosexuals to patronize their own when shopping for clothes, looking a holiday or calling a plumber. In short, homosexuality in Toronto is an industry.

But despite cries that Toronto is becoming "the San Francisco of the North," Toronto is still decidedly not homosexual. Hiding's candidacy in this election—regardless of his intention that he is slave to no particular interest group, merely a candidate who happens to be gay—has made the existence of a homosexual community an election issue. Mayor John Sewell created the first seven nearly two years ago when he



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declared support for homosexuals, arguing that it should be no more a crime to be gay in Toronto than it is to be black or Chinese. Sewell has now allied himself with Bishop's forces. Arthur Eggleston, an old enemy challenging Sewell for the mayor's chair, has exploited much of the backlash to Sewell's moves. He has ranted the prospects of "gay power politics" in the city, allowing the fact that Hsiao is backed by a number of merely progressive community organizations in Ward 6 to go largely ignored. While Bible-toting protesters march on city hall to work against a homosexual take-over of Toronto, Hsiao



Brown, representing 'gay establishment'

helps own opponents in Ward 6 have been getting offers of help. Unfortunately, says the campaign manager for Gordon Cheng, a 35-year-old dentist challenging Hsiao, they're from "gay-bashers looking for someone who hates guys. We tell them, sorry, we aren't against."

But many Torontonians are a proponent to the Toronto Board of Education this summer to form a liaison with the homosexual community led the dust after fierce community opposition and a 30,000-name petition. Toronto gays recognize their precarious situation. "I want justice, not power," says Gay Appeal Director Harvey Diamond. "That is our chance to enter the mainstream of Metro politics." Homosexuals in Toronto see themselves as just another of the many minorities in the city's cultural mosaic and would like the rest of the residents to see them that way too.

"The gay community, I think, is one of the lighter, brighter aspects of Toronto," says a homosexual school-teacher grabbing an after-work drink at The Quon, one of the city's oldest gay bars. "It gives the city its pizzazz and sparkle and provides a viable, alternative lifestyle. Eventually, whether you're a homosexual should be about as important as what you had for breakfast this morning." ♦

Canada

Lougheed draws his wagons into a circle

Alberta for Albertans By Robert Lewis

Having pre-empted the television address, Peter Lougheed returns to his Calgary apartment to watch himself deliver an ultimatum to Pierre Trudeau: a new energy deal or an oil cutoff. In Ottawa, meanwhile, the prime minister goes out to a posh dinner at the National Arts Centre to mark the 10th anniversary of the International Development Research Centre. By comparison, the host, Ivan Head, is a lifetime energy political foe of Lougheed's from Alberta and a former adviser to Trudeau. The word "Alberta" does not pass Trudeau's lips, although he sneers when Head introduces a promotional film on the oil agency, warning his old boss that he is not about to use the premier of Alberta. The title of the performance is *Chances*.

Domestic options were uppermost in Lougheed's mind as he appeared last week before a province-wide audience—and a couple of Opposition MPs, oil lobbyists and reporters watching a closed-circuit live feed in Ottawa's national press theatre. "Who," the premier asked rhetorically, "will ultimately decide? It won't be Peter or Pierre—it will be you, as Albertans." The disclaimer barely concealed the bald nature of the real choice between two conflicting, intensely held personal views of how the country should develop, and between



Lougheed 'is new and fair arrangement'

two proud, determined men with a score to settle and their place in history to secure.

Trudeau's view came Tuesday, when Finance Minister Allan Rock's first budget laid out a tough plan for a radical restructuring of the oil and gas industry, which makes Alberta flourish (see page 32). The National Energy Program, a document that pushed more punch than the budget, set a marksmanship. "In Canada, one provincial government—not all, and not the national government—enjoys most of the windfalls, under current policies. These policies are no longer compatible with the national interest."

For Lougheed, the scheme amounted to nothing less than "an outright attempt to take over the resources of this province." Although he was a vision of cool, collected blue on camera,

covert challenges of a federal tax on natural gas. Lougheed said that, as "a fiscal-moral conviction," the production cutback would be reinstated if oil shortages develop in Canada or if Ottawa agrees to "a new and fair arrangement."

Lougheed's statement, dropped short as it did a minimum rate for a long compliance by phasing in three separate cuts of 60,000 barrels per day every three months, and starting only in February, implies would not be softened this winter; the complete impact of the threatened 180,000 barrels per day total cut—33 per cent of Alberta production and roughly 30 per cent of national assumptions—would not be felt for a full year. Lougheed also dispatched one of his most trusted advisers, Wayne Merion, chairman of the Alberta Petroleum Marketing Commission, to ensure that Ottawa could by 1984/85 barrels per day in the world market. "He's

Lougheed aggressively curled his lip when he stated "The Ottawa government—without negotiation and without agreement—simply walked into our homes and occupied the living room." To fight back, Lougheed spent four hours taping (see box, page 31) and conjuring up visions of cold eastern nights. He announced a cutback of up to 180,000 barrels per day in oil, starting in stages on Feb. 1, a delay in approval for two oil sands plants which could each produce 140,000 barrels per day by 1985, and a

Waste appeals, including Justice's lawyers involved in a separate lawsuit in the office of Trudeau's press secretary, Patrick Gosselin.

Maclean's

VOL. 93 NO. 48

Big government vs. big oil

Carrots, sticks and howls By Ian Anderson

Some firms may regard the new coalition as wasteful. The government of Canada is a willing buyer, at fair and reasonable prices.

—The National Energy Program

"We worked so hard on this, it was a real triumph for the energy department finally got it the way the minister wanted it. But, in the next morning, government intervention into Canadian industry since the Second World War, the Trudeau cabinet has permitted it to exercise control of the petroleum industry on the hands of the multinational. The gamble is that Ottawa can do it without sacrificing future oil ref-



MacEachron with budget: cranning the oil

inery. With a war looming in the Middle East and Eastern Canada at the mercy of imported oil, the stakes are high—too high, Lalonde feels, to let anyone think he's only bluffing.

The man Lalonde has met on the white knight of Canadianization is the strong, fast-talking president of Petro-Canada, Bill Hopper. The day after the double-barreled energy program and budget, Hopper had nothing words for the multinationals, no immediate take-over. "The minister has got to understand," says Hopper, "that if we can't make a take-over at a reasonable price, with a reasonable premium, then we can't make a take-over. Then the government will have to re-evaluate its strategies on Canadianization." That was before Hopper received Lalonde's letter. There will be a major take-over, it said. Ottawa will choose the target. Hopper will make suggestions. Lalonde would like Petro-Canada to be as large as Canada's largest oil company, Imperial Oil (majority owned by Exxon Corp. of New York). He said Hopper knew Petro-Canada's debts are already too high to buy anything major, but the budget of Finance Minister Allan MacEachron made provisions for a special tax on companies to fund a take-over. With diplomatic restraint, neither MacEachron nor Lalonde informed the public that the tax would have to be used, and used immediately, applied first to natural gas. Then, as much as 15 cents could be added to a gallon of gasoline at the pump.

Although oil companies don't come cheaply since the Iranian revolution, the government has already gone a long way toward helping itself out in the stock market. Flooding that followed Canada's budget, sensibly high oil shares tumbled back to reality. For one possible take-over target, Gulf Canada, the market value dropped \$1.8 billion in two days. The paper loss on the Toronto Stock Exchange was nearly \$3 billion, and a bemoaned Lalonde mentioned the \$1.8 billion and his senior officials seemed confused, however, by the extent to which Canadian companies were hit. At week's end, a stream of flushed executives clutched computer printouts of the damage they thought Lalonde had done to their balance sheets as still flooding into Ottawa. Then, the poker-playing citizen got a poker-faced reception. "You can't expect me to cry because they're going to get less," said Lalonde. "That's what we intended." MacEachron had received \$4 billion a year at the top of the industry newspaper. More dramatic, Lalonde cut industry's share to a third of the pie from 44 per cent, a simple gesture that on July 1 nearly

Lalonde being pushed up for budget night tonight, hunched and confused

\$6 billion for 1981. Always quick to react shilly, the cabinet found they had lost confidence this time, particularly with the multinationals. "You give those guys any indication you'll bend," said one oilfield energy official, "and they'll walk all over you."

"Swilling Jack" Gallagher, founder of Canada's third-largest oil company, Dome Petroleum, lived up to his nickname. After two days of market panic, his own personal stock was worth \$14 million less, but he said he was still optimistic. "We feel the budget is still open for discussion," Dome is first among a handful of Canadian companies Lalonde counts on to carry the ball with Petro-Canada, but Gallagher refutes MacEachron's argument that such an exploration program must be cut back simply to meet payments on Dome's \$22 billion in debts—incurred mainly in two spectacular acquisitions of foreign-owned oil companies. Dome's massive debt is not indicative of the Canadian side of the industry. The multinationals finance their exploration with profits, the Canadians



mainly through borrowing—a function of relative size and age. Although the gap is closing, Canadians still own just over a third of the industry's assets and just under a third of its petroleum production. The 37 largest foreign-owned companies control 79 per cent of all Ca-

nadian oil and natural gas sales. The cost of borrowing money to play catch-up causes the Canadians to make lower profits from their investments. 14 per cent in 1979 compared with 22 per cent for foreign-controlled firms. It is a far higher return than any other sector,

The whiz kids and the ties that bind

Harvard expenses only seem extraordinary for people intent on Canadianizing the oil industry. Among key players is last week's administration proposal, Finance Minister Allan MacEachron went to MIT Energy Minister Marc Lalonde studied at Oxford, Ian Stewart, deputy minister of energy, graduated from Oxford and Carleton, and taught at Dartmouth. Petro-Canada President Bill Hopper earned a sociology degree from Washington's American U. and worked at Arthur D. Little in Cambridge, Mass.

Only Pierre Trudeau's top lieutenants were Pierre Trudeau, his top lieutenant, Michael Pitfield, his chief of staff, Jim Coatta, the deputy minister of energy, Marshall (Merkey) Cohen, the assistant deputy energy minister, Ed Clark, and Joel Bell, senior vice-president of Petro-Canada.

The producers of the policy, further, has nothing to do with the fact that MacEachron dragged Trudeau, looking and smelling back from retirement, out of winter, so that Lalonde was seen by the Trudeau's top staff, or that Stewart and Bell both worked there as economic advisors, or that Bell recently has spent more time in Cohen's Ottawa



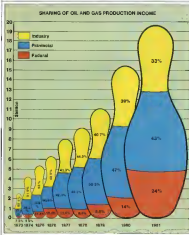
Stewart, Hopper, Cohen interviewers with one additional reason to produce

office than in Calgary; or that Stewart was once deputy minister of energy (under Joe Clark), or that Cohen once landed up tax policy in Finance and returned. Ed Clark, who is all of 30 years old.

Besides, legions of other bureaucrats labored on the policy, including the man who wrote the document, energy strategy director George Tapp, Ottawa, like petroleum director Roland Priddy and Federal analyst David Stern, were among some 40 energy hawks involved. They worked in virtual cells to prevent leaks. Now that the details have come to light, Cohen and Stewart will sit on a committee with Lalonde, MacEachron and others, to select which companies Hopper and Bell will acquire.

Among members of the oil industry and the Alberta government, the Ot-

tawa officials are regarded as theorists who know little about the oil business. But the Ottawa bureaucrats are sure to have the last word, as they have had before. Cohen was a key member of the team that brought in controversial reform in the early 1970s. Stewart helped oversee the introduction of wage and price controls. Pitfield's Bell was a major force behind the foreign investment review legislation. The members of the Brotherhood—no names—see themselves as pragmatists who can serve any political master. But, in fact, they are interventionists and Trudeau-Pitfield would, with one additional reason to produce. As Marc Lalonde says, if the Liberals are in, then from power again, "let's be defined for something we believe in, rather than just going limp in office." Robert Lewis



'Give those guys any indication you'll bend, and they'll walk all over you'

with manufacturing, for example, getting 22.6 per cent. In short, it means the energy sector now accounts for 22 per cent of corporate profits in Canada, almost double its level in 1979, and therefore has the sub of Ottawa's concern. "In 10 years' time they would have been so wealthy it would have been impossible for Canadians to buy them," says Lalonde. "They would undoubtedly have expanded into other areas of the economy unless we allowed them to repatriate their profits, and that creates an even more onerous condition."

That exponential growth was actually abetted by Ottawa's tax scheme. Because of their dominance in oil production, the foreign-owned companies

Oil-drivick boom and (inset) gasoline prices at the pump, over upward polestar: signs of a water-faced recession



collected about 80 per cent of the well-known Ottawa pool party in "depletion allowances" on their resources. The figure is nearly as high for tax-worshipping provinces such as Alberta, which projects at the \$25-billion Wyandale plant a 100 per cent depletion allowance consortium. It did not make economic sense for Canadians to invest heavily if their lower profits meant they would not make full use of the resource. On the other hand, the department official describes the constitutional as an "anomaly favored" by the Canadian system. The result is that of the two oil sands plants now built, and the third under way, only one is Canadian-owned, yet these plants will produce about a third of Alberta's oil by 1990. In another case, the Hibernia oil strike off Newfoundland was in large part made possible by the fact that the province has leased an off-shore drilling rig that lay unused. It was, in effect, more expensive for the company to let the rig sit still than to take advantage of Ottawa's lucrative tax breaks and write off 30 per cent of the rig's original cost on an Alberta reservation.

The new rules will provide some juggling in the ownership of such major projects. Ottawa is dropping tax incentives and replacing them with a grant

It is Lalonde's gamble that he has left just enough credit for the multinationals to make their lives with the steel, ship and aerospace having "We need a big bag," says Lalonde. "I don't want to be like Edward Heile, president of Northern Energy Resources in Toronto. Heppner says the U.S. companies need a place to invest their bringing capital after two record years.

What country with major prospects do you think will be the most important? "I think we see Petrotrin in Venezuela, Iraq, the Soviet Union," Armstrong and other allies described as the "gravel table." Lalonde's decision is to let Petrotrin take a 25-per-cent slice of any major discoveries.

North. The maritime has little sympathy. In most cases, at least 90 per cent of the exploration cost was borne by the taxpayer. "Your perception as the dominant where you come from," Heppner says. "If you spend all your time in the oil business, you are not a good investor. It is horrible. If you come from Norway,

where they take a 50 per-cent interest, 25 per cent doesn't look too bad."

Lalonde expects a short setback in co-optation spending. The feeling is that the more affordable he is, the shorter the "winter" will be. Dubbed "the cardinal" by his fellow Quebecers for the imperious manner in which he defends his opinions, Lalonde is now defending something he believes in with a passion. Hardening his resolve is his feeling that the Liberals had lost direction and became "two canisters" before they lost the 1979 federal election. There is no political risk in bashing the multinationals.

Even so, Glazer Daniel says it would take 100 years to change public perceptions about their loyalty to Canada. The risk is not in preparing as rapidly as possible for any future disruption in the fragile stream of Middle East oil which meets one-quarter of Canadian needs. Self-sufficiency under any scenario is not possible until the late 1980s; the major projects needed—the offshore wells and oil sands plants—will take at least five years and billions of dollars to develop. "The results of the oil are 30 years down the road," and one cannot lose sight of the tragedy is that if we wait, it'll be five years too late to do anything about it.

With files from Cops | Begun in Toronto

Double, double oil and trouble

was as if a lit match had been tossed into the oil patch. The gas-saving energy proposals announced in last week's budget, which would allow companies to expense even more than the \$200 million now seen as David Mitchell's plan, is Alberta Energy Company Ltd., ignited a mass hysteria in the oil and gas industry. Typical of the panic was the reaction of the Alberta Energy Services Corp., a major oil services company. Selling 10% of its shares to U.S. and Canadian investors who had helped to take the market to record highs the week before, now the value of the stocks is down 10%. The Alberta Energy and Gas Services Corp. is now trading at \$23.30 a share, down from \$26.50 a share three days ago. The response of investors was not entirely rational, as seen by the number of stocks that have severe trading declines in the last few days. The oil and gas industry has been severely shaken from fear more than from the obvious impact of the budget on their bottom lines. Nonetheless, the New York Stock Exchange, particularly the 78 percent in foreign-owned, was shaken.

Top on the list of industry complaints was that the energy changes announced in the budget, far from promoting the development of a large and self-sufficient by 1990, would actually discourage it. The increased exploration and development needed to build up Canada's oil and gas reserves will not be profitable until the government does not have the money. Total cash flow, which had been projected before the budget to rise by 35 per cent, or \$3.10 billion, in 1987, is now expected to be flat, or \$2.95 billion, says a spokesman. In addition, generous tax incentives will be phased out in favor of a series of exploration and development grants designed to reward Canadian ownership and to encourage private investment in the sector. The new initiatives are planned. Richard Harrop, senior vice-president of planning and production at Sulpicio Limited, a medium-sized Alberta petroleum producer, says the "biggest loss" is the "greater uncertainty now to the rest of the industry as to the true cost of the budget."

The budgetary proposals in



Michelle and ColoredNurses: "We've been here since 2003 and we're still going in our



strengthened Petroski and to purchase foreign-owned assets through Crown agencies have probably driven such firms. Critics argue that the billions that would be needed to buy the foreign assets would be better spent on expansion of the Canadian economy. They also look suspiciously like nationalisation, the proposal to let Petroski in as a 35-per-cent of activity contained on federal land much of exploration rights to companies such as Enbridge and Suncor. Hardest hit could be the foreign-owned partners with a 75-per-cent stake in the Hibernia oil field off the coast of Newfoundland. Petroski has already argued that it would be better off taking a 35-per-cent piece of the action under the new budget proposal, it is assumed that they will go for another 50 per cent of the remaining interest. The federal government would own 25 per cent. To the Newfoundland government, which itself would like to take a 40-per-cent interest in the field, this constitutes a pretty massive gain as resource profits, and Shell's Hibernia head of operations, says. ■

Directorate Petroski

in private citizens, attempting to run the nation's minerals sector out of the country. It has not succeeded yet. Says Arne Wilander, president of Canadian Superior Oil Ltd., "I wholly agree subsidiary of Superior Oil Co. is not a Canadian company. But in 1985, we're not just going to up and sell." Ironically, it may be the Canadian companies who head for the United States, where higher prices, lower drilling costs and ready markets have made them more attractive than Canada in Canadian investment. That kind of "financially hand-tied, but distinctly unattached," behavior raises a question of the government's nationalistic objectives, in the opinion of the multinationalists who like to control their own resources. "I don't think Canada should do. Some foreign investors may decide to sell, but a mere liability response would be for them to increase their Canadian ownership by raising new issues," says a Hong Kong-born partner in an exploration and production outfit in Calgary for the last decade. "It's a matter of quality for the investment capital."

Once the industry recovers from the initial shock and starts adapting to the new rules, part of the budget may come to be viewed more favorably. The program will benefit Canadian companies in the long run, particularly the many junior exploration companies which could not take advantage of the old tax incentives. And a number of executives are optimistic that the budget is not the last word but merely a working paper from which companies may be separated. Says Rick Halway, an analyst for First Materials Securities Inc., "The government has to give the fight will last six months to a year, then we will all go back to eating money. But in the meantime, there is all so unnecessary." **Gilpin Mackay**

A rolling spud gathers new moss

The rusty Greek freighter tied up at the wharf in Summerside, P.E.I., could have been any of the unofficially flagged ships that visit the little port each fall to take on cargoes of potatoes, the island's most famous product. Instead, the boat being swung into the hold of the Apolonia was potato packaging in a deal that will have some Islanders shaking their heads in disbelief: the Gulf Island Pot Moss Company Inc. of Pottery River sold 50,000 holes of its product to the Anania Import-Ex-

ported with rot, the moss prevents the bad apolonia from contaminating the whole shipment. The explanation reassured him, says DesRoches, of "having told you could keep carrots through the winter by packing them in a barrel filled with peat moss."

Next year Assad wants to triple the order to 150,000 holes, which would be about half of Gulf Island's current total production in a good-weather year. Not that there is any shortage of markets, as peat bogs in Europe and North America begin to peter out. Gulf Island now ships to Canadian provinces, Saudi Arabia, Japan, Britain and the U.S., but those buyers are more to grow vegetables, not in peat moss.

When Nova Scotia businessman Henry Radnes bought Gulf Island in



Loading peat moss at Pottery River: the Egyptians know the cure for bad apples

port Fasking Co. of Alexandria to be used in packing Egyptian potatoes for shipment to western Europe.

The contract has a special irony: moss it comes at a time when island potato producers are meeting fierce competition in overseas and domestic markets. Cyril DesRoches, who manages the local company, says at first he didn't believe the Egyptian buyer who told him what the peat moss was to be used for. "And then," laughs DesRoches, "I thought maybe I shouldn't sell it to him. Maybe we could be using it that way ourselves." Anania's Youssef A. Abou Elmad ("I call him King Hussein," says DesRoches) explained that Egyptian exporters first drench the peat moss and then mix it with the potatoes before packing them for shipment. If the potatoes are too dry, they will absorb moisture from the moss; and if they are too wet, the moss will soak up excess moisture. And if any of the potatoes are

1972, it was a flaky operation selling moss only to local users. Radnes had already refitted the Annapolis Valley Peat Moss Co. in New Brunswick, N.S., and he transferred Gulf Island with new mosaic patterns and modern cleaning and packaging equipment. At peak summer periods, the operation now employs 48 men, in an area where jobs are scarce, and up to 15 through the winter. The company is currently operating on an 80-acre tract which DesRoches says can be worked for six or seven more years, but it has another 260 acres prepared for digging and plans to start next year. The Pottery River deposits will eventually run out, moss it takes centuries to produce peat moss, but that doesn't mean the land will be abandoned. Gulf Island takes only the top layer of moss, leaving 30 to 45 cm of the material every home gardener knows is ideal for growing plants. Radnes plans to get it to work producing such crops as carrots and blueberries, transforming a one-double bag into valuable farmland.

Henry Wells

Manitoba

Join the army and see your son



Last July, Winnipeg bookkeeper Elaine Pudrover waved goodbye to her 13-year-old son, Tommy, as he flew off to Lahr, West Germany, to see his father, Earl, a master corporal with the Canadian Armed Forces. The Pudrovers have been separated for six years and Elaine has been in custody of Tommy, as well as two daughters and another son, 19. The holiday with father was her own suggestion—all four children had paid previous visits to Lahr—but this time the worst happened. Tommy was supposed to be back Aug. 29 but never arrived. What did show up was a curt note from her husband—advising her to send on Tommy's clothes, because he wouldn't be returning.

Since then, she has been stalling in legal moves that have been involving her Winnipeg lawyer's file drawers with

Missing son, Tommy (top) and mother "We're my son, not a piece of furniture"



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paper. A Court of Queen's Bench order demanded "abriders, deputy sheriffs, constables and military police" to return the allegedly held child. Yet, curiously, the armed forces have refused even to accept delivery of the court orders for transmission to the master corporal. Army lawyers say their policy is not to do so unless the soldiers concerned want them—rather like taking maracas if they'd care for a parking ticket. Says Ken Kaufman, Elaine Publitzer's Winnipeg lawyer: "They're really in complicity with him. The army is supposed to be responsible for the good order and conduct of its members." The Manitoba Court of Queen's

Bench has also issued a Canada-wide warrant for Publitzer's arrest, but he isn't back until next summer. Says his distraught wife, who now lives in Kelowna, B.C.: "It's meaningless. He'll just apply for an extension of duty in Europe as he has in the past."

When she first explained her dilemma, army officials said there was no problem. "They told me they'll simply return my husband to Canada—but now they won't tell me anything. All I've had are two short notes from my son telling me about all the nice things his father has bought." Her real concern is that Tonying may not be getting special education help he needs. "He's a slow learner and

not easy to handle. In Winnipeg he had special tuition, but I've no idea what's happening to him in Germany. This is my last, best hope of getting him."

Laywer Kaufman has now asked the federal court in Winnipeg to order Defence Minister Gilen Lamontagne to intervene in the strange case. "If we get no satisfaction, we'll certainly make sure the father is arrested the minute he gets back to Canada." In Kelowna, meanwhile, Elaine Publitzer and her other children patiently outpace writing notes to Tonying. "I'm not certain he's getting them," she says. "He probably thinks it's just a great, long holiday." Peter Carlyle-Gordon

The loneliness of the short-distance runners

By Val Ross

His Workshop the mayor of Hamilton rocks into the Hamilton and District Home Builders' Association luncheon. Propelled to the podium by bookends, he settles down lovingly to scrutinize the assembly on its place for a home show. "When the poor kids of Hamilton decide to do anything, they do it better than anyone!" So one asks whether "poor kids" are not just for developers, so one questions the same phrase when hard-core Jack MacDonald, campaigning for return to office in the Ontario-wide municipal elections Nov. 18, uses it again while gliding his way through the mammoth Leathers-Farmers' Market shopping complex. The brand new developer's cost overrun of \$6.6 million under the city's management plan is an embarrassment, but so matter. "The poor kids are paying twice the rents here and making more than twice the profit!"

What seems on earth resembles a politician's right hand after he has shaken it warmly with lobbyists, national sellers, client vendors and flower ladies? Jack MacDonald, dubbed the poor man's Jean Drapeau, has caught his constituents' self-depressing stage in one last phrase, yoked it to his boombox and kicked up his political wagon. His chronic rumble bells with Hamilton's 312,000 souls, who sense they are perpetually shadowed by nearby Toronto, by a pall of air pollution and by that unshakable Steel City image. Hamilton's 18th anniversary book, a celebration of the city's splendour in parks, its Victorian mansions on streets up the side of the escarpment and its flourishing arts scene is entitled: *Porcelain*. My Lantz director Jack MacDonald believes political correctness means that the poor kids need not apologize.

Autism is when Canada goes province-to-province to the municipal polls. Or don't. Hamilton's expected 55-per-cent turnout of eligible voters is typical or better than most Canadian civic elections. Last month, Edmonton's elections resulted a meagre 30 per cent of the voters. Vancouver goes to the polls Nov. 15 based on the last election's 58-per-cent turnout. Vancouverites won't be much more enthusiastic than the rest of the country. Local democracy is in a permanent crisis of quality, almost an anachronism. A 1976 study by the Toronto-based Bureau of Municipal Research (BMR) suggests four reasons

why. The absence of party politics at the municipal level means that voters don't generally know the candidates' positions. City hall is perceived as powerless before the dictates of Ottawa and provincial governments. Voters have the sense that the garbage will be collected no matter who's in power. Finally, the structure of municipal and regional government seems unchangeable.

least emotions. "You'll either love Jack MacDonald or you'll hate him," advises a former senior civic employee. "Personally, I hate his guts." Here are clearest signs. His Workshop's dependably pro-development position and his bumptious bulldozer decision-making style. MacDonald has promised that an \$8-million sewerage will go through Red Hill Creek wilderness reserve. He has warned that Hamilton cannot afford the "luxury" of further environmental studies on garbage disposal. Meanwhile, as a group of cent-east middle-class Hamiltonians really are turning into poor kids. Their property values are sagging as the press reveal the content of the nearby Upper Ottawa

Judy leaves the gilded cage

The quality that allows most federal politicians to survive their grubby trade is a profound sense of detachment. Issues and principles dissolve into general responses to the call of such passing heat; private lives are relegated to a form of distraction. Eventually, their souls leak out of them, mixing with the courteous decor of the Commons' walls. They become fragments of their own imaginations.

Judy was different.

Judy Verlyin Latham, who died in Toronto last week of 38, had that rare and terrible gift of natural goodness. Loyal to her friends, merciless to her enemies, generous with herself (and her budget), almost all she was genuinely angry. Unlike John Dackbauer (who seemed to think with his heart) or Pierre Trudeau (who gives the impression that he deals with his brain), Judy Latham was governed by the unvarnished dictates of her feelings.

She never tried to hide anything, least of all her emotions, existing within the tumult of her own making, as vulnerable as an open wound. She elevated honesty to a profound moral aspect of her lives.

While some of her fellow left politicians insisted their formal photographs be taken through so many layers of cheesecloth that they were made to appear as young as Ronald Reagan, Judy just stuck out her chin and told them to click away. When she landed at Edinburg Point in the Northwest Territories during the centennial celebrations, she introduced herself to a group of Inuit by getting her simple lip and exclaiming: "See, I brought up my own supply of blubber!" On a later occasion, when her helicopter landed on Sheila Glacier in the Yukon,



Judy in 1987. "Okay—no more radicalism!" she just stood there and yodded.

She lost her temper easily, once threw an ashtray at Senator Keith Davey, even though he was one of her most ardent supporters, and resigned (for two days at a time) on at least a dozen occasions from the Pearson cabinet. Her legislative achievements were considerable, but her behavior in office often shocked the fastidious and discredited the established. "She was very democratic," recalls George Leung, one of her former aides. "She treated the office boy and the deputy minister exactly alike—the constant gave them hell."

The trouble was her final passion, but the just couldn't get the act across right. "When you're engaged in a social war," she would explain, "no one's there getting a kid's eye view."

When it was trying to describe it, I kept pinching." It was typical of her that when she was granted the Order of Canada as her tribute, as a kind of favored gesture by a nation that had rewarded her public contributions with remarkable stigmata, Judy's own reaction was to look about some of the people she thought were fools who had been similarly decorated.

She died with the raw courage and primitive dignity that exemplified her life, desiring little on the afternoon of Friday, Oct. 26. "Okay, no more celebration. That's it." The reason Judy's death touched so many Canadians is that so few celebrities manage to preserve their real selves inside their public masks. Judy Latham endowed each of her many careers with energy, intellect and commitment. But, to the end, she never gave up her essential, joyful humanity. Peter C. Newman



Cashmere across Hamilton Harbor and a nearby host of red stone towers of bottom.

Home, more apathy—why is increasing the vote, suggests Mary Lynch, executive director of the BMR, in that election by acclamation appears to be on the rise. Mississauga, Canada's 30th-largest city, has just acclaimed its mayor, Hazel McCallion. So has Downs, a satellite of Hamilton, to the service of the city, says Bennett. "A bad business, step by step." Now who am I accessible to?

What makes Hamilton's election of more than passing or provincial interest is that, as a reflection of the sorry reputation of municipal politics, such apathy could be a response to early rising grunge-on. Here is an incumbent, whose high-octane charms excited vo-

Street deep—PDR, asbestos, lead and methane. As MacDonald sees it, however, the mayor of Hamilton's 364,000-year jobs in to "kick the tar out of the taxpayers."

The newspapers are led by a gentle, conciliatory 33-year-old challenger named Bill Powell, a veteran steelworker who used to catch red-hot bars with a pair of tongs. He went on to head the Hamilton Regional Conservation Authority. Initially, he had intended to throw his support behind one of the three other mayoralty challengers. At the last minute, all backed off. Fearing an acclamation in Hamilton, Powell filed his nomination four days before deadline. His campaign is a far cry from the chrysanthemum and holly the Mayor from Glad wishes the voters from atop his double-decker campaign bus.

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Merlin (above) and Spencer with Paul (right). Char's latest angel

Legend suggests that King Arthur's mentor, Merlin the magician, was the son of an incubus—an evil spirit that comes in the night, taking women in to procreate. But who would suspect that a fresh-faced woman in 20th-century TV ads far everything from air freshener to sugarcane gum would also turn out to be the daughter of a dreaded creep-crawly 3000-year-old sorcerer? Actress **Kerris Kaine**, who plays her first film role, as the mermaid in the film *Merlin*, without a shiver or a shake, even though much of the filming has taken place in a Guelph, Ont., house that is said to have ghosts of its own. "I've looked into working with all the best Jains in the business. How could I possibly be afraid?" says Kaine, referring to her costars **John Cusack** and **John Malkovich, and director **John Dahl**. Known in North America for her hottest role in the TV series series *What Will They Think of Next?*, Kaine is enjoying playing a role that has nothing to do with physics or biology and everything to do with horror. "I've suffered from nightmares all my life," says the self-confessed horror "junk." "It's nice to be able to share that."**

For the *The Poles* will never die. "Never Never Never," emphasizes artist-nerd and confirmed member of the punk band **Michaela Jordana**, 29, who surfaced in late 1977 as a Pale and is now on the loose as herself. Born **Michaela Marissa Jordana**, studied art and piano in Winnipeg before moving to Toronto, where she took a variety of jobs from waitress to wardrobe dressing. Painting followed, and under the influence of an Arctic expedition Jordana produced canvas visions of 19th-life, sea and whales. With the release



Jordana: 'The Poles will never die'

of her album *Resonance of the Deep*, Jordana hopes to make her impact felt outside punk and art circles. Pink from nabesque and bodacious-colored tints, her hair is knotted and matted in a manner she considers reminiscent of Plagiarist sheep dogs. "Women in rock 'n' roll are like the women in the movies in the late 1940s," she explains. "You've got to be able to slug, to waste and you got to be able to look good."

Hagman (above left) and Spencer with Paul (right). Char's latest angel

For the furry creatures of the forest cannot escape the nefarious side-wind of *Chadler J.R. Esing*. While the rest of the world awaits the answer to "What's J.R.?" on Nov. 21, 2000, the British Columbia Wildlife Federation annual dinner next week are embroiled in the murky question of actor **Larry Hagman's** purported switch to vegetarianism. In a November *Playboy* interview, Hagman says that a recent diet waste has led under and reduced his body oil. "I understand he does not eat, is something of a gourmet and takes some food," admits Terry Simmons, executive assistant to Federation Executive Director **Bill O'Connell**, who claims to have personally enjoyed cuisine from the Hagman table. The \$100-a-plate dinner will feature a goose, deer and other wilderness morsels for 500 guests, many of whom have seen Hagman at every dinner since 1976, where he waxes his engagement fee—currently \$40,000.

Lady Diana, Spencer, the blonde 19-year-old kindergarten teacher most recently tested as top contender to wed the duke with Prince Charles, is already showing her fair for the sport of kings. Undoubtedly by Fleet Street photos catching her petticoats against the sun and a rumored rivalry over her between Charles and 29-year-old Prince Andrew, Lady Diana recently completed the Prince of Wales to the Lifford River to watch him race in an amateur event. Charles jumped 18



Hagman, the grand illusion: worst 'poor'

feet on his big gelding, *Albion*, finishing second. Perhaps remembering her sister **Lady Sarah Spencer** was dropped from the royal possibility list three years ago after giving a reporter a full account of a royal riding trip, Lady Diana would only say she bet on Charles—and, with 18 to 1 odds, probably did rather well.

Nobody, but nobody, with *Michaela "Duck" Nixon* revealed last week. Not even top aides or close friends could see "Duck" or "Richard" after he became president. "Even my close friends like **Babe Ruth**, for example, do not refer to me that way," Nixon told an interviewer. In the same week, Nixon was called a "war criminal" and a "liar" by courtroom spectators after he gave testimony in a federal court indicating that he believed the director of the raid direct authority from the president to authorize break-ins in the interest of national security. The testimony concerned the case of two former FBI officials charged with violating the civil rights of members of the Weather Underground during the early 1970s. Nixon's subdued response to the spectators' name-calling was to arch his famous eyebrow in the general direction of Judge William Bryant.

Just, but not frightened, **Justin, Sacha and Michael** (above) of *24* Street Drive know where to go. Their nearest neighbor, Canada's first lady, **Elly Saksyay**, proudly posed as official Block Parent again in her window this week—even if Regina Hall, on its 88-acre tract, is the only house on the block.

On releasing all of them, so that it comes out just right—no laughing, no snarls, just the facts," explains artist, entrepreneur and now restaurateur **Charles Pachter**. The staff at *Charm* Pachter is conducting an as preparation for the opening of his new business, "let's develop" food experience in Toronto. And the offhand laughter and snarls have something to do with the distinctly loose on check titles for certain dishes. *Artichoke Almond*, *Egg Plant*, *Barley*, *The Canadian Establishment*, *Hamburger* and *Northrop* Fries just bring a beautiful grin to the waiter's face. "The problem is the *Joe Clark* platter," says Pachter. "They simply can't laugh when they tell people it's really snoring turkey."

Schreyer: only Block Parent on the block



Bad weather was the last thing more producer **Wayne Ponsky** expected to worry about while shooting *Doug Macleod's* movie version of *The Magic Show* because the entire film is shot indoors with live audiences. But filming, the Canadian magician whose grand illusions are celebrated around the world, had management in Lake Tahoe, Nev., and the Toronto film shoot was held up while the studio prep spent three days alone bound in *Wandering The Film's* Emmy Award-winning director **Norman Campbell**, commented wryly. "We all kept wishing that Doug would just make the snowstorm disappear."

The question of what a cult creator should look like was answered last week when *Steve Casper's* Get the *Blues* author **Tom Robbins** took to the podium of Toronto's Harbourfront to read and answer questions. His monologue was streamed, his hair decidedly blow-dried and his shoes had clear plastic soles. Sporting a bit like **Jack Kurosawa** or **Richard Brautigan** reborn as a southern ditsy-form surrealist, Robbins failed questions after we were. Does his new book, *Still Life With Woodpecker*, which charts the amorous adventures of a cheerful red-headed hermit with a passion for Turkeys. What does a one-liner have to do about your life? "Black?" "I walk around with a sword," Robbins, who also admitted to reading *Angie's* "because she's gay." He also refused to translate a Chinese poem with a dictionary. It ended up reading: "When you are in a situation where you are asked a question you can't answer, just your mind and think like a chicken." Robbins left his audience with a reminder from *Frankie Kuka* that "a book must be the use for the future as well as the past."

For the US: *Big Girl* **Anthony MacAlister**, the latest words in the 1984 anniversary edition of *Barbara's Famous Quotations* could well be those of **Robert** expert and philosopher **Robert Aschbacher**, who is a general. "I am not the *Samson* as well," MacAlister, who found fame with *Net*, has one-word reply to a *Gentle* demand for surrender at the Battle of the Bays, has been edited out of posterity. He has been replaced by such contemporary contributions as modern *Marshall McLuhan*. "The medium is the message" and *Walt* Pate ("I'll make him as off as he can't refuse"). Explains *Executive Editor* **Wendy M. Hodges**: "Mr. Barlett said the operations had to be finished and worthy of being—so we just changed the 'and' to an 'or'." We're with a name switch of conjunction, master of the bon mot **Thomas Love Peacock** has been severely trimmed in favor of *Murphy's Law*: "Fly like a butterfly, sting like a bee." Edited by **Marlene Boulton**

The high prices of peace



By Mara McDonald

The public pronouncements of Anwar Sadat have never failed to attract international media attention. Last month, when he was in the mood to drop nuclear pearls—here, the news of the historic pilgrimage to Jerusalem, there, the belated of some new government policy which most surprises the very cabinet minister charged with its implementation. Last month, when he was in the mood to drop nuclear pearls—here, the news of the historic pilgrimage to Jerusalem, there, the belated of some new government policy which most surprises the very cabinet minister charged with its implementation. Last month, when he was in the mood to drop nuclear pearls—here, the news of the historic pilgrimage to Jerusalem, there, the belated of some new government policy which most surprises the very cabinet minister charged with its implementation.

For K, in his murmurings that "we are not against that," Sadat seemed to be making a sincere stab at mollifying his growing Islamic fundamentalist opposition, to other pundits it seemed clear that here was yet another example of his penchant for government-by-diversion. Indeed, next week as 1,800 American ground troops and a squadron of A-7 tactical fighter planes land at Cairo West airbase for the third massive joint military training exercise this year, Sadat cannot be blamed for trying to take his subjects' minds off a reality that increasingly threatens to cloud his baby actions. On the eve of the third anniversary of his stunning entrance of the olive branch before the Israeli Knesset, and as the peace talks overtake in a stalemate not helped by American slowdancing, it has become painfully obvious that the pro-Sadat Sadat government with the Camp David accords is in the process of being reentered as rapidly as the countries

American and Egyptian F-4 Phantom fighters (above left); Sadat opening the Ahmad Hamdi Tunnel (right); and Crown Prince Faisal (below left); Egyptian president



Instead of finding these streets paved with post-treaty American dollars, the Egyptian masses have been disgruntled to learn that most of the \$1.1 billion in annual U.S. aid is going toward soft-bank loans, including loans to cement plants, updating Cairo's disastrous sewage system and retraining its per-

Feedback to lead riots: a splintered peasantry



sonally paralyzed bourgeoisie. What even these worthy projects cannot hide is the fact that peace has failed to rein in the country's galloping economic chaos. Egypt is saddled with a 35-per-cent inflation rate, increasing housing shortages and such runaway food prices that in September—in another of his public-speaking bouts—Sadat announced a month-long ban on the slaughter and sale of meat.

The results have been far from dazzling. Chicken and fish prices promptly soared and, in the month since the ban ended, already beleaguered consumers have found themselves in horrendous lineups at the butcher shops as the two days a week meat prices are pegged. Egyptian black marketeers, meanwhile, have accommodated to the crisis so successfully that at least one Cairo housewife recently found herself paying more for beef than she did before Sadat brought down his axe.

Even the president admitted the ban was "30-per-cent political," considering that the vast mass of the peasantry can never hope to rid itself of such a heavy on earnings that are frequently less than the minimum wage—set last May at \$30 a month. Still, in a country where the only politics that can ensure Sadat's survival are full-belly politics, the meat fiasco is just another gloomy signpost on the road to a budget deficit which this year is anticipated to reach \$1 billion—half of that as a result of the atrocious like subsidies on food staples such as cooking oil and bread. The memory of Sadat's attempts is as dark as those in 1977, preventing the bloody Cairo food riots still hang threateningly in the air. In fact, last May when the government's policies shocked him with re-

ports of growing economic discontent, his first move was to increase the subsidies by another 10 to 30 percent, as well as expanding social security coverage and lightly easing a range of taxes.

If the price treaty hasn't brought its expected results it has, however, ushered in some unambiguous instructions. The signatures were barely dry when the Israeli presence suddenly included in the form of a flood of cheap, imported O.K. beer, apparently smuggled by Bedouins across the Sinai—an embarrassment to both sides in an Islamic country that is officially nonalcoholic. As the Suez government seemed to thwart the halfway talks at every turn, Egyptians vented their hostility on Ambassador Elhassan Ben-Eliman, who was forced to bunk at the Cairo Sheraton until recently because no Israeli would rent him a residence. The tightly supervised press took to deserting Egypt with swatches and fangs, trying to swallow a mosque labeled a demonstration—clearly an expression of Sadat's own rage at the prevention that led him to suspend the peace talks for five months last May.

But discontent may come to rest with the present weight on the shoulders of the Americans, who once seemed to promise so much and have instead turned out, in the average Egyptian, as merely an increasingly visible military presence—with more than \$1.5 billion in military maneuvers involving whopping shipments of troops and sophisticated weaponry. Next week's joint training exercise runs the danger of becoming as high-profile as the massive bulk of the former John F. Kennedy, swimming over the port of Alexandria last month, which caused some Egyptians to protest its "goodwill visit."

It is just such posturing that retiring U.S. Ambassador Hermann Eils warned his government against more than a year ago, arguing that it could undo Sadat himself. Washington has gone as far as to increase its embassy staff by 30 per cent and start construction on a 20-story embassy to swaggar over Cairo.

As the Iraq-Iraq war continues, prompting Sadat to offer the Americans an even broader military welcome, there is every likelihood the U.S. presence will continue to mushroom. The danger is that in the very act of bolstering the word, U.S. foreign policy may be undermining him, as it did with the Shah of Iran, whose son, Reza Pahlavi, by no sort of coincidence at all, left work took on his father's mantle in exile in all places, Cairo.

While the shadow of American in Egypt is only a fraction of the 50,000 who swarmed over Iran during the Shah's heyday, they represent a danger of which Anwar Sadat is not unaware

Last June, in yet another speech apparently aimed at appeasing the Muslim Brotherhood, who are campaigning against his romance with the West, he suggested that he could just as easily change his mind now about the Americans as he did in 1971 about the Russians. Indeed, as the U.S. embassy tower mounts on the skyline, the Americans might well cast a glance to the south at the monument of Russo-Egyptian co-operation that looms over the Aqaba High Dam in historic irony. No sooner was it completed than Sadat—the man of so many surprises—threw out the entire 12,000-ton Soviet military commander who built it.

Jamaica

Not yet the promised land

By week's end it was all over but the shouting. After nine months of election-cum-campaigning, Jamaica's opposition Labour Party (JLP) had swept to power in the most dramatic upset in the island's history. Political returns gave the JLP 50 of the 68 parliamentary seats, and at least 57 per cent of the popular vote. Heading in the victory as his party headquarters, and sheets of his slogan "Deliverance". Prime Minister-elect Edward Seaga called the sweep "a demand against

corruption," and pledged to begin the restoration of economic growth. Thus, while gaudy as the election of Kingston, where five people died on Friday, Jamaica turned away from eight years of mind-numbing socialism to embrace free-market policies.

Seaga's landslide reflected the strength of a campaign that had bank money to spend and an economic disaster to criticize. At \$1 billion under the island, and in a high-powered media effort, Seaga had pointed to a 38-per-cent unemployment rate, persistent food shortages, seven years of declining national production and a foreign debt of more than \$1 billion. Incumbent Prime Minister Michael Manley, leading the People's National Party (PNP), had called on Jamaicans to "stand firm," and waged a defensive campaign—against opposition charges that he was reviving Cuban intervention in Jamaican affairs, and against polls showing an uphill fight.

The unprecedented bitterness of the campaign showed in name than "Marcus" and "Tasner" name-calling between the contending forces. Political violence, concentrated in and around Kingston, had claimed more than 600 lives since January. Not yet voting tranquility. In one central Kingston ghetto a gun battle, begun when police closed, was still in progress 50 hours later. During the same period, 20 houses in an area loyal to Manley's party were burned, and the owners of



Seaga (above left); Manley (above right); and Seaga's grand finale of election "Deliverance"





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the Cuban embassy were set afire by Marxist cocktails.

Following the victory, Scaja stressed the need for national unity. "No one should fear a left government," he proclaimed. But Maslow was not reassured. "I want the world to know," he said. "We will not accept any policy based on vengeance." Maslow also charged that some members of the security services had "behaved in a manner absolutely contrary to their constitutional responsibilities," then supporting allegations by members of his party that soldiers and police officers had the medals provoked investigations. In fact, there had been widespread speculation that a riot victory might have led to a coup by the nation's 5,000-man police and army.

Scaja has promised Jamaicans "a government which can make money [for] in the pockets." To deliver, he intends to promote foreign investment (primarily American), following the Puerto Rican model and return the state's shares in bauxite, sugar and other industries to private hands. He is also expected to negotiate an agreement with the International Monetary Fund (IMF). But while these changes are likely to improve Jamaica's economy and restore business confidence, it remains to be seen whether the currency devaluations and wage freezes involved in an IMF stabilization program will not create the same popular discontent that eroded Maslow's support.

What is clear, however, is that the propensities of the Caribbean have been altered by Maslow's removal. Indicators of Jamaica's post-revolution political alignment was Scaja's nomination as Minister to expel Cuban Ambassador Oscar Bernaldi, then breaking a connection that has worried the U.S. state department. Indeed, U.S. officials immediately welcomed the election results, noting that they were consistent with stepping up financial aid to Jamaica.

Cynthia Brown

Poland

Once more back from the brink

They had banished Poland back from the brink once again, but the men slumped around the negotiating table in the council of ministers' building in Warsaw early Saturday morning knew the reprieve might be only short-lived. After 11 hours of talks, described as the "toughest ever" in the ongoing conflict between the government and Poland's wayward workers, nobody could swear for sure that a mi-



When victory seemed assured, Warsaw (left) from left: post secretary at home of the Solidarity leader (right) Kania (center left) and the government's chief of staff

litical strike called for Nov. 12 had truly been averted.

On the face of it, Poland's new independent trade union, the seven-million-strong Solidarity movement, wrung a few concessions from the government team led by Premier Jacek Pankowski. But on the cardinal question that had prompted Solidarity to issue its strike ultimatum—whether or not the union must submit to the supremacy of the Communist Party and sue their right to strike curtailed—the Polish government pressed only that the Supreme Court would rule on the matter by Nov. 30.

"We're nothing in writing and the court's decision could go either way," admitted union leader Lech Walesa. "Our strike alert stands." However, other union officials hoped that Solidarity might reconsider if the Supreme Court rescinded the Communist Party's right to sue the union's charter to make it "non-binding."

The uncertain outcome of the latest

joint came at the end of a week in which Warsaw saw several notices in the press that began in August with ongoing strikes on the Baltic coast. Only 24 hours before Friday night's meeting, Communist Party boss Stanislaw Kania flew to Moscow with Pankowski to report on the mounting labor unrest to Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev.

The immediate cause of last week's crunch, however, dated back to the previous Friday when a judge in a Warsaw court, which was negotiating the new union's charter, stretched closely into the weekend, snatching it to opposing Communist Party rule and curbing the right to strike.

The main strike ultimatum followed last Tuesday. East German restricted travel across the common border. Czechoslovakia followed suit with a similar shield against the "Polish infer-

no." And, as Kania and Pankowski prepared to swing to Moscow Thursday, an explosion shook the Soviet Aeroflot airline office in Warsaw. A divergent speculation in the Polish capital immediately put the blast down to agents provocateurs.

But it was the sudden announcement that Kania had been summoned to Moscow that startled the biggest shock waves, raising fears it was indeed that Soviet patience with Poland's flirtations with union freedom had finally run out and that intervention was in the cards if Kania failed curtly to go "stabilizing" the country—read, stamp out the heresy of independent unions.

It proved to be a false alarm. Rather than issuing an ultimatum, Brezhnev strongly endorsed Poland's leaders, urging the Kremlin to make their valuable of resolving the "acute problems of political and economic development facing them." This midweek left Poles greatly relieved—and wondering where the catch was. On Saturday, as their leaders refused to cave in to the strike demand and insisted that Solidarity pay allegiance to communism, they got at least part of the answer. **Peter Lewis**

South Africa

A house still divided

It was as recently as the 1950s that apartheid's stern ideological guru, former premier Hendrik Verwoerd, declared that there would never be a permanent urban black population in "white" South Africa. But last week, Black Affairs Minister Peter Koenhof sat in front of Verwoerd's picture in the press briefing room in Pretoria and outlined changes in the so-called "pass" laws that recognized that very phenomenon. Quoting Abraham Lincoln's appeal to Americans to "think anew" about slave emancipation, Koenhof presented the changes as "a genuine attempt to remove harmful discrimination from the statute books and the beginning of a process of normalization of race relations."

The measures, to be passed by the all-white parliament next year, will allow the few million blacks who "qualify" to be in urban areas and move freely from one city to another, provided they can find jobs and housing. They also make it easier for these blacks to bring dependents from the rural areas to live with them. The time limit for blacks' visits to urban areas has been extended from 72 hours to 30 days in a year, and two laws that enforced a rigidly divide on blacks in white areas and allow the arrest of "idle" blacks are to be scrapped. Koenhof hopes these changes will eliminate

Black squatters in Cape Town's slums



most of the arrests under the past laws that last year put some 125,000 blacks into jail overnight or longer. However, coupled with these relaxations are heavier penalties for blacks who come without official approval, into the urban areas to live or work and for those who give them shelter. In addition, it will no longer be possible for workers who come from the 10 black "homelands" to the urban areas on annual contracts to acquire the right to permanent residence.

This mixed bag aims at creating a prosperous but limited black urban middle class—in line with the government's strategy to defuse revolution by giving blacks a "slice in the system." But the measures also have the effect of widening the division between "urban" blacks (the "haves") and "rural" blacks (the "have-nots"). Shomo Dlamini, an official of the Black Bank, an organization that helps blacks to earn a share of the past laws, says this "exclusion of outsiders from the central wealth" will be disastrous in the long run. It may, however, be useful if the government ever gets down to putting into effect its long-term plans for a confederal system—in which blacks will be divided into separate political units, ethnically and geographically—as a way to co-opt black majority rule.

Koroshol predicted the continued limitations on the drift of blacks to the cities as a way of controlling the "Tre-

U.S.A.

Moscow's men in the 'computer business'



By Christopher Simpson

Canada seems to have become deeply entwined in a decade-long effort by Soviet espionage agencies aimed at California's Silicon Valley, the birthplace of the microcomputer technology that revolutionized Western military hardware. Often learned from purchasing equipment or know-how directly, the Soviets have turned to secret deals and smuggling. Using front men who are usually legitimate export-import businessmen, the restricted high-technology equipment is shipped through three or more Western countries as it picks up the phony papers necessary for export. All too often, the first step in the trail is through Canada.

As recently as August, Peter G. Yang, president of Montreal-based DeVary Test Labs, was fined and received a 30-year suspension of his export privileges for shipping \$2.5 million (\$1.8) worth of restricted computer test equipment to the Soviets. The U.S. commerce department claimed Yang conspired with an Israeli national in the scheme. The computer equipment was bought through the Canadian company, then shipped with bogus papers first to Amsterdam, then Vienna and finally on to the Soviet Union. Because American companies may export sensitive technology to Canada largely without restriction, Canada has become known as

a "transshipment point" for sophisticated equipment which is being illegally sent to the East. In 1973 and 1976, for example, executives of H Industries, a California-based company which produces equipment for manufacturing microcomputers, set up two "paper" companies in Montreal to enable them to ship high-technology electronic equipment legally to the Soviets labelled as "washing machines" and "air

Silicon chips, are artisan-made (right) and Soviet-made; designers know the recipe



conditioners." The operation was eventually shut down by the RCMP and U.S. Customs, but hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of equipment is known to have flowed through the "Canada connection" before they were caught. The electronic magazines' track used by H Industries is known as "Blistering." The secret refers to the fact that the



Koroshol: allow the arrest of 'lame' blacks

members' organizational process" in prospect. But black leaders reacted emotionally. "In the 1960s, the black mass wanted to handle the country's affairs, to run the government of the country in which he lives," said Shomo Dlamini, president of the Montreal Urban Council (MUC). That instantly what Vernon feared. Carlyle Murphy



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U.S. concerns department keeps two lots of equipment that is completely exported. Equipment on the "B" list can be sold to the Soviet Union or other East-West countries—primarily without restrictions. Items on the "A" list, however, can be sold only with a special license, and in some cases not at all. The problem is that most items on the "A" list—special ovens for drying semiconductor computer parts, for example—have some kind of connection to the "B" list—a regular industrial oven, in this example. And while Canada is obligated to prevent re-export of restricted items imported from the U.S., electronics smugglers who know the ropes have as many times just switching the paperwork and loading the embargoed equipment on a plane bound for a neutral country like Switzerland or Austria. From there the shipment sometimes goes yet another set of phony papers, is loaded on a jet bound for Moscow.

The equipment in question is used in the manufacture of the tiny silicon chips used in computers—used for everything from automobile poppers poppers to IBM missile guidance systems and spy satellites. Some high-technology equipment is not smuggled out at all, but is simply bought off the shelf by East European corporations. Czechoslovakia's Třista telephone company, for example, has quite legally purchased everything from design equipment and assistance in building factories to state-of-the-art integrated circuits and computer-controlled telephone equipment from Nitel in Ottawa.

A few contracts from the Czechs and Nitel are currently in the works. A recent company presentation reveals that, "a highly sophisticated digital voice" and the equipment to build it, as company spokesman John Farmer put it, is under development. When the switch is ready, Nitel will approach the Canadian government for permission to export it. "It is an open question" whether or not the government will allow the release of the technology, says Farmer. If permission is granted, Nitel-Canada trade in elec-

tronic countries, including the Soviet Union.

The latest episode in Soviet efforts to obtain this technology will soon be played out in a U.S. courtroom, not in Canada. Peter Gopal, a California electronics consultant, this week is scheduled to face charges of violating state laws against the sale of trade secrets. Gopal, 46, was indicted in November, 1976, for allegedly attempting to sell secret Soviet computer chip designs to officials from Soviet's arch rival, National Semiconductor Corp. But there is a disturbing undertone to the case: Gopal's company, Semiconductor Systems International, was co-founded and partially financed by Dr. Rudolf Sackler, an Austrian physicist and businessman, whose close relationship with Gopal's German clients has caused concern in the U.S. Commerce department.

Sackler is quite frank about the relations between his company, Sackler Techco, and the East Germans. "We have developed a method whereby we can place electronic circuits in equipment the state required previously," he says. "East Germany gave us the order to do this." Sackler also has admitted in an Austrian court that he provided East German intelligence with a 74-page report on the state of the art in microelectronic technology in order to get that contract in the first place.

Sackler denies obtaining secret information from Gopal, and Gopal denies buying or selling microcomputer secrets in the U.S. Gopal claims he is being framed, and his lawyer, John Clark, says that, in any case, there is insufficient evidence to justify the charges. However, Soviet efforts to obtain this technology clearly have not ended with the arrests of Gopal in California, Peter Vring in Montreal and others. "This is a major patent phenomenon right now," says Charles Laitha, whose division, Computer Techniques Corp. was the target of another recent Soviet effort frustrated by the FBI.

Soviet progress in missile guidance systems, in particular, is a good indication of the future impact of its technology in microelectronics production. Despite the current use of integrated circuits that are years out of date in the West, despite the added weight and lowered reliability of the equipment, Soviet scientists have succeeded in developing systems that can place a 1000-gram warhead one-sixth of a mile off a Western missile site. Mass production and application of microelectronics to other military systems portends a qualitative advance in Soviet military capability, just as it did in the West. "We're going to use this stuff coming back at us," warns John Leckie, who prescribes I.D. Industries. "They're not making poor people papers with it, that's for sure."



Silicon Valley (above), Sackler (below left) and indicted Gopal's "ramped phenomenon" winds up in the courtroom.

tronic is expected to reach \$5.2 million by 1980.

Ironically, the factories built with Nitel's help are competing with the company for markets in both the West and the East. "There is very little in the way of Canadian export control of high technology," comments Richard Fox, president of Masuda Inc., an Ottawa company generally recognized as a world leader in microcomputer design and design analysis. Fox's company does not do business with Eastern Europe, however. Fox says, "It might upset our American client base." Kisee as, there is "nothing whatever" to prevent the Soviets from making use of Fox's services through a front company of the sort used by U.D. Industries.

Senior officer Donald Ducker, in charge of the customs and excise branch, disputes Fox's view that controls on exports are lax, pointing to the recent presentation of Space Research Corp.—a company caught shipping arms to South Africa—as an example of successful enforcement. But there is a problem. "Government officials—who produce reports—see for the most part not involved in criminal enforcement," he says. Consequently abuses may be overlooked. Following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, however, there has been a "substantial" increase in the number of reports reaching Customs on cases of suspected illegal exports to re-

Sports

Taking their aim at windmills in Spain

By Hal Quinn

On a stage of Philadelphia, and perhaps the few others who will sit in the Olympic frame something more than an invitation to assorted political footers and over-named stoned sports, there can be little surprise about which is the world's premier sports event. The World Cup of Soccer, even given themselves as such as they like, but in the matter of exciting most fans on most points of the globe there is nothing to remotely touch soccer's World Cup. Before his life and power did away to the dark of life, he used to come to the stadium of his happened to clash with a televised game. The journey has sparked warlike between nations, republics, influenced general elections and regularly cause riots in Italy every time the soccer (Australia) fail to win the title. And when Scotland qualified for the finals in Argentina, two years ago, attendance at stadiums and factories fell in direct proportion to the rise in distillery and brewery profits due to celebrating fans.

During the quadrennial midsummer playoffs, it can be safely said ordering a drink on the Champs Elysees or a Greek taverna. This waters have to be cooled away from the television screens. The worldwide television audience for the 1982 finals—to be played by 24 countries in 14 Spanish cities between June 16 and July 11—is expected to hit five billion. All this, though, would be difficult to believe for any casual observer of the current qualifying series in Western Canada, the United States, Mexico. For the first time in the modern era, both Canada and the U.S. are poised to edge out perennial finalists Mexico in the CONCACAF (the qualifying region comprising North America, Central America and the Caribbean), and it would be reasonable to assume that the North American Soccer League (NASL) is doing all it can to back the challenge. Not so.

Last weekend, Canada and the U.S. completed a two-match series in Vancouver. It seemed more like a moment to missed opportunities than an effort to move beyond the deathly of the world game. For a week before the first U.S.-Canada game Oct. 26 in score-

less tie in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Canadian officials denied by the NASL, New York Cosmos refused to supply the services of veteran Canadian fullback Bruce Wilson. They pointed out the presence of four Cosmos players in the U.S. lineup and charged that the U.S. soccer federation was acting "in compliance" with the New York City Canadian coach Barry Clarke, a high school teacher in B.C. who played briefly for the famous English club Derby County, and that he just didn't know how his U.S. counterpart Walter Clarys could bring himself to separate in a situation that was "humane." It was in fact a lot of fun for one of the best fullbacks in the world, but Clarke pointed out lastly that, with Wilson on the side, he would have been free to release Vancouver's star of Tippi, Bobby Lonsdale, into the world of the world arena.

After the Fort Lauderdale game, Canadian charges of New York has lost much of their weight since Cosmos General Manager Krikor Yeghyan arrived in town with three sets of airline tickets and the demands that at least that number of Cosmos players should appear in the team's world tour. In all, there were five Cosmos players with the party—Rick Davis, Angelo Di Ber-

to be cooled away from the television screens. The worldwide television audience for the 1982 finals—to be played by 24 countries in 14 Spanish cities between June 16 and July 11—is expected to hit five billion. All this, though, would be difficult to believe for any casual observer of the current qualifying series in Western Canada, the United States, Mexico. For the first time in the modern era, both Canada and the U.S. are poised to edge out perennial finalists Mexico in the CONCACAF (the qualifying region comprising North America, Central America and the Caribbean), and it would be reasonable to assume that the North American Soccer League (NASL) is doing all it can to back the challenge. Not so.

last scoring with a bouncing ball. Another NASL match in Mexico.



Larry Haker, Mark Levene and Bertie Boden. They huddled, then came back with a message for the first-time boys back in the Big Apple. It would be slowly translated as "bett off."

U.S. assistant coach Bob Gerner was left to praise their "sense of patriotism" but shake his head over the lack of understanding by the Cosmos, an attitude frequently displayed by other NASL owners in the past. Said Gerner: "This is something that has to be sorted out between the U.S. federation and NASL owners. It is depressing when you think of what it might have been important if it was for North American soccer to be represented in Spain. I suppose you have to understand that in North America the concept of a World Cup is not that easy to grasp. In the World Cup, the feedback for the leagues in tremendous, but it's maybe not enough enough for someone who has made a few million bucks into a team."

Before the Vancouver shoot-out, Canada had two points from ties with the U.S. and Mexico. It should have been a win but the Mexican scored a last-minute equalizer in Toronto, and the others had the single points from their games with Canada. This meant that victory for Canada would result in three points from its remaining game with Mexico at Astor Stadium, where a crowd of 100,000 is expected to gather later this month.

Clarke believes that the U.S., whose greatest soccer moment came in the 1950 World Cup in Brazil when a team of largely British mercenaries defeated England in an early round of the tournament, will be "too physically strong" for the Mexicans in their armor. If true, Canada could run into the CONCACAF finals on American backs. The two northern golfers would then be faced in a round robin situation with

ney in a Central American country yet to be named. And then, how would the North American win in their charge at Spanish wilderness?

Chiquely is sanguine. "Obviously there are six or seven countries who would be technically beyond us, but the rest, the Portuguese, we could live with. And we could last some of them." He added: "Sometime over the next 10 years the U.S. and Canada are going to be producing world-class stars from their own soil, and then you will see the game here move into a higher gear. Meanwhile, there could be nothing. It's the stimulation of making the World Cup final."

It was in these kinds that the world first saw Pék, the greatest soccer player of all time. He was 17, a skinny black kid from the slum-suburbs of Rio de Janeiro, but he made poetry of the game in Sweden in 1958. The greatest Cup disappointment was perhaps the failure of the Illegians in Switzerland in 1954. They had reconstituted the game in the early '50s, refusing on their way the first defeat of England in the history of the game. Froese Pék was the master. He had a pot on him from too much of the rich wine of Tokyo, but he showed exquisite tenderness and the whole team played with class and grace.

A year later, Dave Brenneise was born in Redempt. Short, with square face and a rather wimpy face, he hardly embodies the traditional concept of a North American athletic hero. But after a wandering career through Sweden, Toronto and Chicago, he is now settled in New York. He is the middle-aged general of the Canadian team. Boasting on his soldiers in Canada's best chance of travelling to Spain. He says: "Wherever a soccer man comes from, and they come from everywhere, Canada in a World Cup is a beautiful dream," he says. "I'll be old if we get to Spain. But not too old."

Ironically enough, Brenneise made only a minimal contribution when Canada took its most significant stride thus far with Saturday's 3-1 victory in a damp and misty Vancouver. He dominated his right arm early in the game, but against the oddly subdued Americans Canada was severely outmaneuvered. First-half goals came from Bob Jensen and Bruce Spavin, who missed in a penalty kick after Steve Strydom had been dropped by U.S. defender Ty Rought.

Canada gave up a last-minute goal, weary defenders watching U.S. forward Greg Villa not home a corner kick, but although fast strikers if they will be deterred by goals, the late side is unlikely to cost the Canadians. They are sleeping up a realistic contender for at least a place on the hygrograph of Don Quixote. ☐

The backyard game just isn't the same

For most people badminton is a game played in sunny backyards, the flimsy poles supporting the net flimsy drooping, the player with the wind usually winning. The only relation of the backyard game to that played by the top amateurs and professionals is that the equipment is vaguely similar. Badminton at the world-class level is a game of speed, endurance, grace, subtlety and power. It was this type of badminton that was played last week at the 8th annual Canadian Open championships at the Etobicoke Olympic Centre in Toronto.

They had come from 16 countries, some of the top men and women players in the world, including Canadian champions Wendy Carter of Calgary and Pat Trivey of Montreal, the men's singles champion. But also on hand were Gillian Gilks of England and defending men's singles champion Martin Frost Hansen of Denmark.

They were all competing for a total of \$92,000 in prize money with singles winners receiving \$18,000, runners-up \$15,000. It is only the second year for single "open" or prize money badminton. The swarming of money has created a situation unique to the game. There are now two kinds of "amateur" players—licensed players free to sign advertising contracts, accept any amount of tournament prize money and are thus eligible for the Commonwealth Games and nicknamed "true amateurs" able to accept up to the equivalent of 500 Swiss francs in their nation's currency, thereby retaining their eligibility for the Commonwealth Games. All Canadians are welcomed.

Carter, endurance, subtlety and power



The prize money was academic for the Canadians, just as it was for a couple of young Britons. Trivey was eliminated by unheralded 39-year-old Danish double of Toronto surprisingly early in the five-day tournament. Equally surprising, but perhaps more disappointing, was the loss by Canada's second-ranked women's singles player Jane Youngberg of Vancouver. Youngberg lost a three-set match to Cheryl Carter of San Diego.

And so the last country's hopes rested with Carter. Under her maiden name of Gorton she had won the Canadian Open in 1976, '77 and '78. Carter survived a seven-victories semifinal against Jane Webster of England, finally winning in three sets and earning the right to play the No. 1 seed Gilks. Looking forward to the final on Saturday Carter said: "Gilks hasn't had a tough match yet in this tournament, so she really doesn't know how well she's playing." Carter found out quickly as Gilks took the women's singles title in straight sets 11-8, 11-6.

The men's final, ironically, was a contest between countrymen, schoolmates and longtime doubles partners. As expected, Frost Hansen smoothly advanced to the final, but his colleague at the University of Copenhagen, Steen Hadrup, reached Saturday's play with a dramatic upset over Ray Stenson of England. The Danes had played each other hundreds of times in competition and practice but Frost Hansen had won every match that counted.

It was no different in Etobicoke. Frost Hansen retained his Canadian Open title winning 15-7, 15-11. But the match provided stirring moments and dazzling rallies as the players scattered countless goose-feather birds, the speed of their rackets exceeding 180 miles per hour. For the spectators at the Olympic the backyard game would never be the same. ☐

Music

For the record



AVOID FLOOD
Rough Trade
(Two New/CBS)

Despite the security of recorded output (see direct-to-disc album in 1990),

Rough Trade (Carole Pope and Kenny Rogers) engage a remarkably and following. This album fails to elucidate why. The 18 original tunes, typically concerned with threatened sex, are sometimes musically agile but Pope's pose is overwrought. Regrettably, the album raises the awful suspicion that Pope may be best remembered for her hair.



ACTION REACTION
The Doors
(Columbia/RCA)

The career of this intense foursome has been impeded by broken promises and bad timing, but their third album (recorded under a new label) marks a second phase. Their dream of being produced by super producer Bob Stern has yet to be realized, but they are here, enabled by Will Morrison and Les Gurewicz (who last year oversaw a hit by the Skunk Brothers, a sort of upstart-of-the-Village-People duo) act. None of the nine original compositions

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are as incredibly catchy as his inspired lyrics as *Lord of Making Up Your Mind*, from their last album, but repeated listening leaves one impressed by a new subtlety of genius, the nuances of Paul Silhouette's vocals and the all-important contribution of drummer Mike Longwell.

RADIO SCIENCE
(Star-Pulse
(Rocky))

The aggressive cooing of lead vocalist Paul from galaxy is one reason not to dismiss this quartet as just another band on an independent label. Also the fact that *Vulcan Vortex* is instantly memorable the way that pop singles are supposed to be. Alternately jangling and smoothly interwoven, the guitar work complements the voice and compensates for the familiarity of yet more songs about radio and wars.



SLICK THEIR WAY TO THE TOP
MacLean and MacLean
(Vancouver/AAA)

Well known for their chemistry trials, brothers Blair and Gary are dirty words to country fans and tell jokes as one of the first releases from R1 Records records. Although there is something refreshing about their flick, it's doubtful whether it needs to be pressed on wax. The album reminds you

of the self-indulgence of people who used to make records in lofts and send them to their friends.



GUEST LIST
The Government
(Toronto)

Without independent production, chances for this experimental fusion of avant-garde electronics and rock 'n' roll rhythms would be slim. Sometimes too sobering for words, the sounds command attention. Andrew Paterson, who handles most of the vocals for the trio, sounds like a cross between a robot and a yodeler and sports the band's messages with a strange charm.

THE DANCES
The Danes
(Ottawa/Platane)

Apparently indebted to both Mick Jagger and David Johansen, lead vocalist Keith Whittaker is, however, not solely responsible for making this the pick of the current Toronto crop. Many of the songs start off as hurried spittle rickens but take unexpected turns and wind up exceptional. *New York City*, more pointed up than the version on last year's *37* from Randy Records, mentions beer and anything, *606* flows from tense guitars to unrelenting keyboards. This is a pleasant surprise, reaffirming faith in the local scene.

David Livingstone



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Films

Fleshy comedy gone anorexic

COME HAVE COFFEE WITH US
Directed by Alberto Luffuelli

This sedated Italian farce, starring Ugo Tognazzi (the long-suffering nightclub owner of the hit, *Lo Caperone Pollo*) is a fleshy comedy gone anorexic. Thanks to the scarcely vulgar character created by Tognazzi there are funny moments, but for the most part the film, a fable of lust, women, and greedy men, is unconvincingly straddled between black humor and a banal *Bonaccio* tale.

The images of stuffed ovals and pickled squeals that open the story are fair warning of the sour laughs ahead. Tognazzi (plays Paresini), a middle-aged but agent posted to a small Italian town, where he decides that it's time to take a sensible (preferably rich) wife and settle down. Enter three uppity virgins, all daughters of the deceased stuffed-oval magnate, and coverage for marriage. Seduced by their social charms, Paresini marries the eldest of the three and moves in with his harem, unpleasant them all in turn, as the unpleasant prepare that quantity may make up for quality. Tognazzi is nicely disgusting, draw-

ing a chair up to one of the sister's elegant thighs, as she lies allabout two beds, like a weedy bureaucrat getting down to work. But what a misogynist, misogynistic view of human nature: cold, opportunistic men and silly, twirling women capable of being seduced by the cold blandishments of a port bourgeois who gorges but won't sit at the table.

The seductions are predictable. When one sister, her black cheeks have sitting low on her brow, becomes a "real woman" at the hands (etc.) of a young cad after her money, it is inevitable that

they meet in an abandoned convent, falling in and out of confessional, and it is inevitable that the priest should catch them in the act. With stereotypes such as these, comedy must be as neat as Mafiosi's or as brazen and pushy as Luis Buñuel's. Instead—with a vacant, sherry-soaked laid over the theme—just like a goblet in an empty room—the whole experience is closer to a curmudgeonly version of Charlie's Angels. When Tognazzi suffers a prurient-movie fate at the end, a *Black moral* is tacked on to a slapdash satire.

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Francesco Colucci: a misogynist view



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Education

The ivory tower goes on trial

By Margaret Camron

If the professor is missing from the faculty lounge next week, he's not necessarily proving a point: he's not necessarily proving a point. He may be in court, defending his right to remain at his post. And the fat volumes under his arm aren't necessarily a learned treatise. They could be the dossier he has compiled to assist his lawyer in dispute in the fairness of internal university review committees—until recently venerable institutions in the tradition of the gentlemen's club—and the right of the courts to intervene if they're not fair. But while the issue has been highlighted by two recent court decisions involving the University of Toronto, the ramifications of profit in court go far beyond the ivied confines of King's College Circle.

Associate professor Peter Seary goes as he hauls out the six fat volumes compiled during his eight-year dispute with the university. "It isn't an under-bosom," he says, quoting one of the several lawyers he has engaged since 1982 when the English department denied him tenure—the status granted to a teacher after a trial period that protects him from summary dismissal. With his Oxford PhD and his specialty in 18th-

Seary: 'It isn't no under-bosom'



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century English literature, Seary would appear to be a gem in any departmental crown. But when he found himself unemployed and, after diligent search in a very tight job market, employable, he decided not to give up without a fight. "No one in his right mind would contest a tenure proceeding," he says now. "But when you start being deprived of your livelihood, you have to pay attention to matters of internal procedure."

Seary's attention to procedure finally netted him a new hearing, where a disgruntled panel of scholars awarded him tenure and \$30,000 in back salary. But he insisted on seeking damages as well, when a grievance review panel awarded



Power: a sage of ideas and misadventure

him \$15,000 on his \$21,000 claim for expenses, he went to court to ask for judicial review. There last month he was, as he says, "thrown out on my ear."

But if the courts were ready to uphold an informal university decision in the case of Seary, they rejected his claim in the case of Anthony Paine, a professor of art. When Paine was denied tenure in 1976, he claimed he had been unfairly dealt with. "I was aware of the performances of other members of the faculty," he says, "and I couldn't see any vast difference between them and myself." Like Seary, Paine found himself out of work a year after his tenure denial and, like Seary, he found the job market closed. Unemployed for the first time in his 11-year teaching career, he felt "humiliated" and, backed by the Canadian Association of University Teachers (CAUT) and the University of Toronto Faculty Association (which also eventually backed Seary), he took his saga of loss and misadventure to the divisional court of Ontario. In a September judgment, which the university sought (and won) to appeal this month, the court reversed the university decision, or-

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during Pinayson renovated and a new ten-are hearing to be held.

The idea of the courts appointing internal academic decisions doesn't sit well with administrators and senior faculty, who fret that Canadian universities will go the route of their American counterparts—at the University of Minnesota, for example, a court-appointed official is routinely involved in tenure reinstatement disputes. Michael Pinayson, president of the University of Toronto Faculty Association, says there is no need to feel threatened. Commenting on the Pinayson decision, he says, "We're not troubled. We can stand the tenure ap-



Pinayson, no need to feel threatened

peals procedure." But Pinayson also points out that the Pinayson decision, once overturned, is important because it has established a precedent that the court can intervene in matters of jurisdictional fairness—in effect putting professors in the same position as other staff and servants. To faculty who worry that the judicial concept of fairness may not be possible after working for several years with a colleague, Pinayson confidently responds, "Tenure is a rational process." He cites the advice of Pinayson's lawyer, Jeffrey Bacz, to faculty making tenure decisions: "Keep an open mind, not a vacant one."

Open, but not vacant could be good advice for anyone, but the Seary and Pinayson cases, and other tenure and dismissal cases heading into courts, reflect the dilemma of Canadian universities in the past decade when funding and student enrollment dwindled while costs ballooned. Victor Sim, associate executive secretary of CAUT, says administrators are obsessed with financial flexibility. "Administrators need people who can be laid off." And that means for professors a one- or two-year contract, not the protection of tenure. The result is that young professors are kept outside the tenure stream and, regardless

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The ever-so-humble and low pay at home



Bonneau, earning \$5 an hour for sewing doll outfits at home.

By Linda McQuag

Since seven o'clock in the morning, the 31-year-old woman has been sitting on her living-room couch staring intently at an empty liquor bottle. Perched on her leg is a miniature cardboard table she devised herself to hold the bottle firmly in place. She slips a thin ribbon around its neck, places a shiny label to the ribbon, lifts it off the bottle and puts the rest on in place—all with the speed and grace of an agile craftsman. The work is meticulous, but apart from the occasional interruption—like making lunch for her young son—she works at it all day long. By late afternoon she has completed 1,200 ribbons. It's been a good day, after six hours' work she has earned \$1.40.

It was nearly two years ago that this French-speaking Montrealer, looking for work to do in her home, phoned Acquin Company Inc., a prominent label manufacturer which employs 280 people in its two Montreal factories. Over the phone, she was told to contact a woman who dispensed homework for the company. Since then, she has varied roughly an hour a day producing the decorative bottle collars that go around the necks of a deluxe Canadian whisky made by Wiser's, a distillery that pays Acquin to make the labels. Her pay is based on the number

of labels she makes—\$1.40 for 600—but no matter how fast she works she gets the never makes more than \$25 to \$30 for a 30-hour week. "And I'm considered fast!" It takes out to about 90 cents an hour—well below Quebec's legal minimum of \$5.65 an hour. But despite provincial laws in Quebec and Ontario requiring employers to pay homeworkers the equivalent of the minimum wage, she is afraid to complain for fear of losing her job. Jeorgina Viree-Prudent, Lene Dubais says he isn't aware how much homeworkers who make labels for his company earn, since the company pays subcontractors who pay the homeworkers. He doubts, however, that homeworkers do the job to make money. "It's a hobby for them. That's my approach," he says. But the women who make the labels aren't here to work as a hobby but a hobby. Stiffing in the dark living room of her \$300-a-month apartment, she explains that although her husband works full-time as a bus driver they still need the little extra she earns to support their two children. "Especially with winter coming. And I don't mean just for Christmas presents. I mean to pay the children's coats and boots."

For thousands of women in Canada, doing homework in their homes is one of the few ways they can earn badly needed cash. And even by young chil-

dren, this group of largely immigrant—and French-Canadian—women ends up sewing, packaging, folding or in some way handling products for pay that add up to well below the minimum wage. Nobody knows exactly how many homeworkers there are in Ontario and Quebec, the two provinces where homework appears to be concentrated. The Ontario government knows at about 2,000 in the province and Quebec officials, who readily admit they don't have any idea of the total number, say they are aware of another couple of thousands. But Helen Shaw, the coordinator for Rank & File, a Montreal group representing disgruntled homeworkers, thinks the real number is somewhere between 60,000 and 100,000—and includes handicapped and old people. This pool of homebased workers has proved to be an important source of cheap labor for the estimated 350 firms using them. And while many pay the minimum wage or better, officials in Quebec at least concede there are plenty of others who don't. "We know there's a problem out there," says Norman Legault, chief inspector for the committee that represents the women's garment industry in Quebec. "And it involves a good number of companies—big ones and small ones."

Little is known about this modern-day equivalent of the postindustrial out-

lets industry. So discreet are some employers that even the homeworker herself may not be aware whose product she is handling. Often manufacturers—particularly larger ones—use homeworkers indirectly by contracting out to another firm, which in turn subcontracts the work out to an individual who further subcontracts it to the homeworker. At the end of the chain, after everyone has taken a cut along the way, the homeworker is left with what sometimes amounts to fractionally low pay. But with so many layers involved, homeworkers may feel little responsibility. "I don't have the faintest idea what they're paid," says Fern Meunier, purchasing agent for Wiser's Distillery, whose other labels are all factory-made. "Whether the labels are assembled in the factory or on the moon is immaterial to me. I want the best quality for the most reasonable price."

Wiser's Distillery knows well just how little money can be left over at the end of the chain. The 25-year-old Montreal woman calculates that she earned about 35 cents an hour folding little plastic bags so that they could be inserted into bags in a factory assembly line. The bilingual former office worker, who stayed at home taking care of her new baby, says she found out about the work through a local newspaper ad that gave only a first name and an address. Bea-

peau says she and her 31-year-old mother received \$1.75 after spending 4½ days folding 6,000 plastic bags. Beaureau's case, while dramatic, is not unique. A Toronto woman who purchased fishing lures for a sporting supplies firm and she had to wait the time around her house, make a double knot in a with a needle hook and then slip three of these lures into a plastic bag. The company paid five cents for a bag it took her 15 minutes to complete. "They told me I'd get faster if I kept doing it, but the fishing lure was so short I couldn't stand it," Fern Dubais, a 41-year-old Montreal homeworker, figures she earned about 50 cents an hour sewing Kokoro doll outfits for an export-import company. And a 39-year-old Ontario-speaking woman spent more than a year sewing in her Toronto home for wages that she estimated ranged from \$1.00 to \$2.00 an hour, well below Ontario's \$5 minimum. She says she spent five to 12 hours a day, seven days a week, making dolls' clothes for the Goodtime Toy Company. "I liked the work, but it was just too much work for so little money." The woman in charge of Goodtime's home-based operations, Amina Lashab, says none of the firm's homeworkers ever complained about what they were paid.

Homeworkers are usually too afraid of losing what little income they have to complain—or to identify themselves publicly. Several handicapped homeworkers in Montreal are feared jeopardizing their jobs that they even refused to be interviewed anonymously. With workers afraid to come forward, much of the most poorly paid homework work is investigated, some government officials are reluctant to investigate others. Legault is filed Ontario asserts that all companies giving out homework obtain a permit so that the province can scrutinize the firms' needs. But there are no anti-child labor laws in the permit is granted. The Ontario Labour Board reports that the company she worked for increased the complexity of its work after she had been sewing for it for several months, thereby reducing her wages. Lashab says she is in her 40s and Quebec, where a minimum-wage law specifically protects homeworkers, officials admit they haven't been able to do much to ensure that all homeworkers get the minimum. Lawrence Park, a spokesman for the province's Minimum Wage Commission, says that it is difficult to prove a homeworker has been underpaid since she keeps track of her own time. The commission considered taking one case to court but decided there wasn't enough evidence, he says. "We believe that they're maintaining this low level in their industry."

While the women who work in their homes remain largely hidden from public view, they perform a key function for

employers. Dubais points out that Acquin has been using homeworkers for the 38 years he has been with the company—although they represent less than one per cent of its manufacturing—and he says his competitors use them, too. Kathy Karpman, president of Poly Plus, a Montreal clothing company, says his firm uses homeworkers to pull cord through plastic shoe bags because the operation can be done more cheaply that way. While he's not sure exactly what his homeworkers earn, he says it would be unfair to insist that they take the minimum wage since they have the



Shick, exploited elsewhere in work force.

advantage of working in their homes. These bargain-basement units have caused concern in some unions. William Wilson, Ontario manager of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, has been trying unsuccessfully for years to push through a regulation that would force companies to pay homeworkers the same rates they pay factory workers. Wilma Ng, a former organizer for the Garment Workers who now works at Toronto's largest Women's Centre, points out that homeworkers can have the effect of strengthening an employer's hand in union negotiations. "The workers at the factory know that if there's a strike the company can just use the work out."

For many women, homework involves all the responsibility of a full-time job—having to complete the work by a certain time—without the advantages of secure employment. And although homeworkers are entitled to vacation pay, some simply never collect. Of course, at the rate many of them are paid, vacation pay—even when it is given—hardly provides much of a holiday. The 41-year-old Chinese widow, who lives with her first children at Toronto's Chinatown, spent roughly 46 hours a week sewing in her home for 24 months before she had to quit for health reasons. She says "My vacation pay was less than \$20."

Health A battle of flash and blood

By Andrew Werner

Mrs. Toronto kindergarten teacher Sharon van Gerven is one of about 900,000 Canadians who regularly give blood to the Canadian Red Cross. Her next donation will be her 20th—except that she is not sure when she will donate again.

She is not alone. Blood donations in the Toronto area have fallen so sharply that many hospitals have been canceling elective surgery. Donors are talking at a recent Red Cross donation to reward a 30-month contract to provide Canadian blood plasma to California's Cutter Laboratories, instead of Capri's Laboratories of Toronto. "If it can be processed here, it should be processed here," van Gerven, 35, says. "I



hate to see it going out of the country. If it came to the crunch, then of course I would donate. But I do feel very strongly about this."

Conisright Chairman Dr. William Cochran has suggested a hidden agenda on the part of the Red Cross in the Cutter deal: a desire to drive his company out of the plasma business to clear the way for its own long-cherished goal of a plasma facility for fractionation—the process that breaks up plasma into components. Regarding this accusation, a Globe and Mail editorial writer discerned "an unwholesome

smell of empire-building about the whole affair."

It is by no means the first time that the old and revered charitable institution has been accused of business chicanery and aggressive proprietary intentions. Critics say the affair is the latest and most far-reaching example of what is becoming a consistent and increasingly disturbing pattern. In its first and program, the Red Cross is engaged in a sweeping expansion to the acute discomfort of the St. John Ambulance Brigade (Maclean's, Sept. 15). With negotiations to deliver the

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Regarding TVOntario, c'est formidable! TVOntario's French programming, Sundays beginning at 12:00 noon, will appeal to those who speak French fluently as well as those trying to improve their knowledge of the language. Check your local TV listings for La Société National Geographic, La Presse à la Une, On n'est pas vu, and many more.

TVOntario

prohibition of the two organizations at an expense. St. John's Chairman-General Cyril Lauder from the results will be "duplication of services and waste of public funds."

The Royal Life Saving Society (RLSS) worries that it could be pushed into a similar position. Doug Ferguson, Ontario executive director of the society, is concerned with the presence of the Red Cross in life-saving, traditionally the province of the RLSS. Red Cross Program Director Dr. Wayne Hanna insists there is no such intention. But the Red Cross does have an instructor's award that involves lifesaving recognized by the Ontario Public Health Act and wants to return it in the upcoming revision of the act. "Why do they want a lifesaving award?" asks Ferguson, "if they're not going to have a lifesaving program?" Adds RLSS National Executive Director Jocelyn Faine, "They're patterning themselves after the American Red Cross which does everything from cradle to grave."

The bloodiest confrontation has been the battle with Connaught. The background to this little drama has been a tangled web of medical advances, philosophical conflicts between conventionalism and the hallowed voluntary blood donation ethic of the Red Cross and intricate organizational manoeuvres on the part of both leading players.

The furor arose in September when Ontario Health Minister Dennis Timbrell demanded that the Red Cross break the contract it had signed with Cutter in June on the recommendation of a federal-provincial committee of expert health ministers. Timbrell suggested that Canadian jobs were being lost and that, in event of an emergency, the U.S. might exchange plasma shipments to Canada. Although Connaught had asked \$11.5 million for the work against \$6.5 million for Cutter, he is reputed that it was worth paying extra to keep the plasma at home.

But price was a secondary issue, according to John Derrick, director of operational research for the Red Cross blood transfusion service. While Cutter was "fired and fired," he says, there was no evidence that Connaught could produce enough Antibody-Free Plasma (AFP), a dry concentrate blood-donating substance derived from fresh frozen plasma which had brought a major breakthrough in the treatment of hemophiliacs. As well, the Red Cross felt that Connaught's mandate to operate at a profit under the oversight of the Canada Development Corporation placed an unacceptable strain on its volunteer donor system. So the contract to transfuse fresh frozen plasma went to Cutter, while the Red Cross lobbied to set up its own nonprofit transfusion facility. Connaught continues to frus-



Toronto blood clinic (above), says Connaught, like no other company without a refinery.



trate transfusions, or "stored" plasma, while transfusing a small quantity of frozen plasma as a pilot project.

The real problem of security of supply, suggests Derrick, surrounded Connaught, not Cutter. "We should not be compelled to cancel a contract that is working perfectly well when Connaught has not yet proven themselves," he says. But Connaught President Alan Davies says his company does not have to prove anything. "We have already done so at the clinical trials leading us to our license to produce AFP [in March, 1979]. We can cope with all the material the Red Cross can deliver." However, Davies says that the Red Cross cannot provide enough plasma to meet the current demand for AFP, so neither who does the transfusing (about 48 per-

cent of AFP is now imported).

The Red Cross's dream of doing the transfusing itself was finally killed by a meeting of provincial health ministers in Winnipeg on Sept. 29. The Cutter contract remains in force, but the ministers appear intent on laying the groundwork for a Canadian facility by the end of the month. What stage the Red Cross is that it was singled out and refused the facility, obviously the accusations of "insider-buffing" still linger. An recent review would seem to reveal an organization grown increasingly complex and business-like in its approach, reaching its tentacles outwards into a series of new domains. Red Cross National Director of Administration, Ian Morgan, for example, talks of the "first and market" as "not yet saturated," and defends the idea of a Red Cross transfusion facility as "more efficient because it's vertically integrated." The Red Cross now, he says, is "like an oil company with oil wells and filling stations but no refinery."

Red Cross spokesmen seem generally bewildered at the perception that they are engaged in empire-building. Certainly there is an evidence of any direct conspiracy to expand the organization. Rather, it seems to be an unconscious process. "Like most bureaucracies," says Connaught's Alan Davies, "the first rule is to perpetuate themselves. Once they reach a certain size they look for other things to take over."

The familiar red cross on a white background, the Canadian Red Cross National Commissioner Henry Teller observed in his 1959 report, is "the most recognized and most welcome symbol in the world." It may not be far from truth longer—unless the Red Cross can come to terms with its own tremendous size and client.

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Survival of the preselected



The Harmanes, Lippman-Hard (left), the Simans (right) "Without prenatal testing we couldn't have had our healthy daughter"

By Naomi Malloy

It never occurred to Yoby Siman, who already had a healthy child of 19 months, to undergo testing when she became pregnant for the second time in 1970. But then her son was born with Tay-Sachs, a fatal disease that slowly destroys the nervous system. By the time he was 18 months old he was hospitalized, three months later he died. Told that her chances of having another affected child were one in four, Siman twice became pregnant and, when genetic tests indicated Tay-Sachs, had abortions. On the third try, tests were negative and she gave birth to a healthy baby girl. "We learned the hard way," writes Siman, now 28. "I had a choice—either no more children or prenatal testing with abortion if the fetus was shown to have Tay-Sachs. Risking a child born with the disease is something I could never go through again. An abortion is nothing compared to watching a child slowly die."

A decade ago, women like Siman who underwent high-risk pregnancies had little choice but to wait and hope. Now, however, with the advent of highly so-

phisticated and expensive diagnostic equipment, society is entering an age not only of planned parenthood but of planned selection as well. An estimated 30 per cent of the 16,900 high-risk women over 35 made use of Canada's 15 genetic clinics this year and many more were turned away because the demand was too great. But growing along with this new trend is the fear that unnecessary abortions will also increase. For while Siman's case was relatively clear-cut, many other genetic tests face difficulties as complex as they are emotionally charged. There is no indisputable answer, for example, to the question of whether it is justifiable to abort if the child will have a severe defect but live—or if, far from that, the child is simply not the preferred gender. In every case parents and doctors literally face a life-and-death dilemma.

The problem is that the law and medical guidelines have not kept pace with technological and social developments. Up to 150 defects and diseases can now be detected through prenatal testing, most commonly by means of amniocentesis (the withdrawal for testing of fluid from the amniotic sac surrounding

the fetus), ultrasound (a view of the womb via sound waves) and fetoscopy (a view of the womb by inserting an optical fibre instrument). These screening methods are a very attractive option for the growing number of women who, because they delay having children until their late 30s and 40s, are statistically more likely to bear defective children. But, considering the potential for abuse, some experts say the testing should be stopped altogether until formal guidelines are established—for guidelines, where they exist at all, vary from clinic to clinic. Dr. David Ray, director of the Centre for Bioethics in Montreal and host of a recent conference on the subject, says genetic screening and subsequent abortion are really substitutes of the unborn. He would rather see amniocentesis put on an even stronger genetic counselling issue (it is already possible to determine before pregnancy whether parents are likely to pass on inherited defects) and on treatment for diseases, both in and out of the womb.

In reality, though, many couples are not told the need for any kind of testing. In a 1978 study at one Canadian genetic clinic, only seven of 300 patients

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| 2½ c. flour | |
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Cream butter, sugar & orange peel til fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time. Combine dry ingredients. Combine sour cream & apple. Add flour mixture alternately with sour cream mixture to creamed mixture. Stir in raisins & nuts. Bake 350° F in greased 10-inch angel tube pan, 55-60 min. til cake tests done. Cool 10 min. Turn onto rack to cool completely. Dust with powdered sugar.



THE WORLD'S FAVORITE RAISIN

were referred by their obstetrician. Anne Bernas of Montreal, who gave birth to a Down's syndrome baby at the age of 41, recounts the fact that she was not even told by her doctor that her chances of having a mentally retarded baby were five in 100. She is glad she kept her baby, but when she became pregnant again at 41, and the odds had grown to 11 in 100, she made sure she was tested. Fortunately, the baby was normal. "We're only reeking a fraction of the people at risk of bearing defective children," says Dr. Abby Lippman-Hand of McGill University in Montreal. Though

4,750 prenatal tests were performed last year, she estimates that genetic screening is needed annually for another 16,000. But Bernard Dubeau of the University of Toronto's law faculty says that parents cannot sue the doctor if a child is born with an abnormality that could have been detected by prenatal testing, since in Canada the state of the fetus is not grounds for abortion. While there has yet to be a test case, the only justification for all abortions—including those actually performed for genetic reasons—is potential damage to the woman's, not the baby's,

mental or physical health.

As well, doctors and parents must face the fact that prenatal screening is far from perfect. There is a small chance that a mother could abort because of false test results, and the screening methods themselves also involve risk. Miscarriage resulting from amniocentesis is estimated at one in 100 though other damage to the fetus is much less likely. Still, when a miscarriage occurs it can be devastating. Ottawa sociologist Nicole Schwartz-Megan, 35, who miscarried a normal baby last February after amniocentesis, attributes her loss to the testing process, although no definite connection could be made. "I may have lost my last chance to have a child," she says. However, possible feelings of loss, guilt and inadequacy decrease greatly when the couple subsequently has a healthy baby. "The peace of mind is great when you learn that the baby you're carrying is healthy," says Patricia Beaudin, 34, of Montreal. After her first daughter was born with alpha thalassemia, in which part of the central nervous system protrudes through the spine, she was tested twice during subsequent pregnancies and gave birth to two healthy children. Of course, selection of applicants for prenatal testing with the option of abortion is difficult. Most overcrowded genetic clinics in Canada give priority to women between 35 and 40 and to those who have borne a defective child.

As it stands now, it is the responsibility of doctors, geneticists and parents to make the ethical decisions. And as long as guidelines are established, planned selection—both prenatal and postnatal—could become legally questionable and have frightening future implications. Although amniocentesis detects gender as well as genetic problems, geneticist Talitha Powledge of Brooklyn, N.Y., says that most North American diagnosticians have so far refused requests in which the purpose was simply sex detection. Yet in China, where overpopulation is a problem and the superiority of the male baby traditional, a 1975 study in Anhui showed that 20 of 46 female fetuses were aborted in contrast to one of 13 males. And in an American genetic screening program for sickle-cell anemia in 1974, information about potential carriers of the disease was leaked to insurance companies and employers. The results: the carriers were asked to pay higher premiums and some were even reduced jobs. For the time being, however, individual mothers like Tilly Simon and Patricia Beaudin of Montreal have no doubt that, for them, the benefits far outweigh the risks. Cordelia Simon: "Prenatal testing is a blessing. Without it we couldn't have had our beautiful and healthy daughter." ♦

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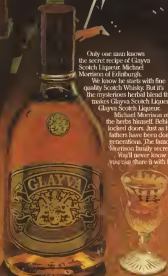
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Books

Raising a rather dull consciousness

HELEN IN EXILE
by Ian McEwan
(McClintock & Sower) (\$14.95)

According to Hesiodas, Helen of Troy was "one the worst for her adventures" when eventually restored to her husband, Menelaus. According to Ian McEwan, things can't work out that way anymore. In McEwan's new novel, *Helen in Exile*, there



McEwan: short-circuits reader's interest

are three Helens, succeeding generations of one family. Helene, the 16-year-old granddaughter who lives in a flowered nursing home and dreams often of her native Brittany; Helene, her daughter, who fought for the resistance effort in France where she met her second husband, a Canadian; and Helene's daughter, Elena, a wild and mercurial herself, but earnestly seeking her own identity outside the traditional female roles. Unlike Helen of Troy, this Helen knows she will not be the property of some man; instead, ready to him after her adventures have ended—whatever those adventures happen to be. These women's lives, past and present, are threaded together in a tapestry of reckoning and reflection, as each attempts to accommodate the tangle of guilt and obligation, resentment and love that binds her to the others and to history.

McEwan's style is to frame personal crises within historical crises. He



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set his first and previous novel, *The Seventh Hemisphere*, against the turmoil of the anti-Communist riots in Hong Kong during the late Sixties. The background for *Heien* is set in Montreal in the autumn of 1970, the time of the PQ crisis and the War Measures Act. At several junctures in the narrative, McLachlan has even inserted such items from the official record of that period as the autopsy report on Pierre Laporte. Verisimilitude, however, cannot disguise the hellacious at the core of his story.

Of the three women, Heien is the most prominent. She is the youngest, the most dimensioned, not to fall into what she sees as the traditional ways of her mother and grandmother. "The real revolution has to be in yourself," she concludes. "I'm a woman, so the revolution, for me, is to free myself as a woman, as a painter." Her friendship for some suspected PQ sympathizers lands her in Tanqueray prison and, for Heien, the experience serves as a rite of passage not only politically but in terms of her more fundamental feminist rebellion. "The realization struck me in the face: this isn't a holiday, Heien, it's the way things are going to be for the rest of your life if you don't learn to fight against it." The realization that kicks the reader in the face is that Heien is rather a bore. Though her predicament is very real, the voice describing it is, sadly, only very so. Compromises arising in her case appear to preclude any possibility of our sharing in her self-discovery.

McLachlan is adept at creating particular scenes and moods, but he seems unwilling to allow the reader any close communion with his characters. Instead, a succession of fragments is overlaid by a bewildering succession of flashbacks. Interest is short-circuited by the impression of authorial contrivance. His conclusion, which taps a post-War Measures Act paranoia and a tendency in our culture to favor conspiracy theories, disturbs but not as much as it should. Heien's fate ought to seem tragic. Instead it seems vaguely spurious.

John Lawlessborough

Okay, but how
do you explain...

THE FRAGILE THREAD: MORE REFLECTIONS
ON CANADIAN HISTORY
by Stephen Jay Gould
(McLeod, \$19.95)

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resistance from would-be school censors because they, like all but a handful of us, have not been able to figure it out. Of course, if something is easily understood, it is even more easily misunderstood. Stephen Jay Gould, Harvard's brilliant young paleontologist, is the foremost of those intent on defending Darwin's theory by explaining it.

It is remarkable how much of his latest collection of essays culled from his columns in *Natural History* magazine (his previous collection, *Ever Since Darwin*, was very well received) is devoted to refuting objections. He does



Darwin caricature, 1871's slides with the age

not address himself primarily to religious fundamentalists but to those who, willing to accept the basic tenets of the theory of natural selection, still have questions of the "why, but how do you explain?" sort. These questions enable a theory to work itself out more clearly and exactly (although many of the questions Gould deals with are ones posed also by more knowledgeable fundamentalists who think they have a part on which to impugn Darwin of the Apes). For instance, why isn't convergence—the similarities of various species—evidence of an obstacle to survival—evidence of a divine plan? Why would primitive man evolve a brain that can play chess and write sonnets for Charles's Apes when he only needed one capable of seeing which way a banana pearl? Doesn't natural selection stop with humans? Gould provides fascinating and convincing answers to these questions. Given his wide knowledge, this is not remarkable. It remains remarkable that 121 years later Darwin's theory is still hotly debated.

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creation of the species with a mechanism. Gould does not give us such, he makes us pretense of being a humanist. But many will find his idea of a mechanism more palatable than the image of an automated factory assembling clockwork organisms and Neandertals. Rather, Gould compares the process to water falling down a hillside. The exact shape of the channels eventually carved has nothing due to chance, but this does not mean it would happen the same way if we could start over.

The essays cover many topics, including how Mickey Mouse "revived" from rattle to childlike and an analysis of the angel Gabriel's wings as depicted by Italian painters. But these "cute" topics take up less of the book than is normal for science books written for nonscientists. If there are things linking the essays together, they are first, that the imperfection of species demonstrates natural selection (the panda's "thumb" is an awkward extension of its wristbone, an ad hoc arrangement; a competent divine designer would have engineered, according to Gould) and second, an argument with Darwin over gradualism. Gould says that Darwin's insistence that evolution occurs one tiny step at a time is, like much of science, just a cultural bias. What good would half-developed wings do a bird? Gould is not a stylist; like Lewis Thomas (*The Lives of a Cell*), but that is a hard standard to live up to. He is a bit more of a wise guy. And in his own way, just as much of a wise guy.

David Welshberger

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICTION
1. Froststar, King (1)
 2. Joshua, Trade and Now, Richter (2)
 3. House of Angels, Shulman (3)
 4. The Covenant, Michener (7)
 5. The Key to Rebecca, Pollock (8)
 6. The River Identity, Loftin (3)
 7. Fanny, Jupp (4)
 8. The Clan of the Cave Bear, Auer (18)
 9. Khabarov, MacLean
 10. Lone Lake, Gotsdiner (3)

- NONFICTION
1. The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813, Barton (1)
 2. The Second Harrow, Theology, Unger (2)
 3. The Third Wave, Toller (2)
 4. Catch Me If You Can, Abenito (4)
 5. How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation (revised edition), Shulman (2)
 6. Disciplines of Power, Simpson (8)
 7. Justice Harlan's Testimony, Marzoff (7)
 8. The Sky's the Limit, Oyer (8)
 9. Music for Chromosomes, Capote (3)
 10. Michael Remembers, Smith 4
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In this day and age good guys never, never play with war toys

By Barbara Aronov

There is a fun, bouncy American film called *Hopscotch* now playing in theaters across Canada. Veteran actors Walter Matthau and Herbert Ross star in it; these polished performers carefully crafted right down to the last details of their rumpled faces and revolving eyebrows. Co-star Glenda Jackson proves once again that careful examination, effort as it may be, is essential. The film's pacing is deft, the script bright, the comedy clever. Quite unwittingly, *Hopscotch* also reveals 95 per cent of what is wrong with the Western world.

Hopscotch is a straightforward Mattheu plays an aging CIA agent whose hard-line boss, Myerson (Old Betty), puts him out to pasture after Mattheu fails to risk using KGB antagonist Herbert Ross. The reason? Mattheu has got used to the old Russian's ways over the years. When demoted to a desk job, Mattheu vows revenge on the CIA and accomplishes it by writing his memoirs. The chapters outlining the CIA's dirty tricks are mailed to the Russians, the French, the British and the American—while Mattheu is being pursued by his boss and his ex-CIA partner, Joe Cutter, all over the world.

Hopscotch depicts a world based on assumptions which are not set out in detail since the makers of the film believe most reasonable people share them. "You used to be able to tell the good guys from the bad guys," says Mattheu's girl-friend, played by Glenda Jackson. "The bad guys were 'mustaches.'" By now, personally, the Russians have gone. When relatively handsome CIA agent Joe Cutter appeals to Glenda to help them find Mattheu before the Russians get hold of him and put his brain and other vital organs, she shrugs. "You mean Myerson's real view of terrorism is more humane than the Russians?" She asks, one eyebrow arched. When Joe Cutter can't honestly answer that one

In fact the Russians (read all totali-

terians—it could as easily be the Chinese) are just like us. So much so that they are as interested as Betty in stopping Mattheu's revelations because, as that nice KGBer Leon points out, "He knows so much about our side that would be embarrassing to us." Obviously the film-makers think that only a few as indoctrinated hard-liners could believe that world opinion would not really shatter the Russians after the revelations of the Gdang, or that a system that has turned every concept of



Leon, Mattheu look again... the bad guy is making a mistake

monthly credit out has no more capacity for embarrassment.

It is all how. Every individual. It is people who fish and hunt (instead of shooting white writers or bird-watching) who are gunning up the works. When the camera pans around the office of ex boss Betty, we see on her walls pictures of him shaking hands with (a) Richard Nixon, (b) John Wayne and (c) with a large fish. The boss's room seems proud of having caught. Worse, there are framed pictures of some targets showing that Betty is a good shot and actually carries bullets in his gun. It is this type of jargon, says the film, who probably put a bomb in that nice Dag Hammarskjöld's plane and tried to prevent the Sudanese from turning a terrible authoritarian country into a lovely totalitarian one.

Now look at the hero, Mattheu. He types to Moscow. He stops Russian while chasing his CIA partners. He holds up in Europe—not Savannah, Ga., like Betty. When abroad, he stays at ele-

gant small hotels such as The Windsor while the ugly Betty suspiciously resides at the Hilton. And of course Mattheu never, never carries bullets in his gun. This is important. The film builds to a true grand-dan small-contemporary verbal conceptual truth when Mattheu explains his ex-partner and now partner, the relatively handsome CIA agent Joe Cutter. As Mattheu explains Cutter's secret, a moment of shared values softens the scene. "No bullets," says Mattheu sincerely. "The sound of you, Joe."

The only consensus the film makes is that Mattheu declines Herbert Ross's offer to work for the Russians, though one doesn't know why. "Is it because of some absurd loyalty to the flag?" asks an astonished Leon. Mattheu doesn't answer. In fact, the film-makers can't think of an answer since in the world they depict there is no reason for Mattheu not to work for the KGB. Patriotism is absent. There is no difference between our values and those of the Russians. And Leon, the KGB boss, is surely a much more stylish and even humane fellow than that hard-bat, red-neck Betty.

Here too is a prime example of the fine upper-class snobishness that underlines today's liberalism. CIA boss Betty has a vulgar go-guzzling helicopter while Mattheu and his girlfriend always drive subcompact economy cars. We know this, if he had children, Mattheu would give them Swedish building-block sets and newer war toys. His bumper stickers would speak out against nuclear and for aboriginal rights. And how much better than liberal peace would be.

But of course it wouldn't be—and it isn't. The West is in a mess today precisely because these liberal assumptions are at best half-true and generally false. You can tell the good guys from the bad guys. Our side is more humane than their side. And you, wait, also, always got bullets in your guns because you can't ward off evil by whistling Mozart to the dark.



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Dance

Gold medals turn to stars



Winnipeg Ballet stars Vanna (from left), Hart, Bedford, Moore, Pangloss. 1986 recipients

By John Ayre

For nearly an hour in a Winnipeg restaurant recently, Arnold Spahr, artistic director of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, gushed so earnestly about his company's recent triumphs that the water came over and flowed to the floor. Spahr was over his untouchable awards when Spahr's problems then carried it back to an offering to his office through Portage Avenue lunchtime crowds. And Spahr never let up—Norm Vincent Peale aphorisms, exhortations, expressions of optimism. Leading a company that is now well out of debt and once more popular in its home town after a serious four-year slump, he had every reason to happily ignore the fact that only a year and a half ago, in the midst of its 40th anniversary celebrations, the Royal Winnipeg was virtually in ruins. "We have our little explosions here," comments Spahr enthusiastically, "but sometimes they aren't explosions but necessary cleanups."

The last "little explosion," in spring, 1986, involved as lost the resignation of half the ballet's dancers, two-thirds of its associate artistic directors and the general manager. For Spahr, who had been trying with semi-retirement in Florida, it was acutely embarrassing. But, as he had had to do before in his 21-year role of the company, he picked up the pieces at the behest of the board and built the ballet anew with raw Winnipeg Ballet school students and a new administration of young

workhorses. "Now we're all together in harmony finally," he says, "and harmony for me brings the best results."

Best results were never more obvious than in the Royal Winnipeg's October season at the Manitoba Centennial Concert Hall. Opening night drew just a handful short of a capacity crowd, filled with a touch of garish Hollywood, a spotlight that played over the front of the hall and wheeled out somewhat freely into the night sky. But inside the foyer the real reason for all the excitement was tucked into a display case. In a collection of unimpeachable Japanese engravings and Bulgakov's *Officer* (along with a telegram from Prime Minister Trudeau and a couple of recent Winnipeg civic medals) were the awards that two previously obscure Royal Winnipeg dancers had won in major international ballet competitions this summer. Obviously their triumphs couldn't have happened at a better time for the fortunes of the company.

In June, the two dancers, Evelyn Hart, 34, and David Perogovits, then 35, their partner, Earl Bedford and coach David Mowat were rather inauspiciously to the third World Ballet Congress in Osaka, Japan, and captured two unexpected bronze medals and a best choreography certificate for their pas de deux, *Bokuro*, by Vaslav Nijinsky. Next came the Royal Winnipeg dancers from the formidable ballet schools in Leningrad and Moscow are grooved for years to capture these competitors for the presumed glory of socialism, the third-



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place showing of Hart and Pergrine was impressive. But there were reasons (revealed that made it even all the more astonishing. Both dancers had started training in their middle teens, very late for ballet. Hart became a discouraged dropout after only three months at the National Ballet School in Toronto and the 18-year-old Pergrine was so lazy and unresponsive to training in the Royal Winnipeg's own professional school that Maron, who was then his teacher, suspended him. A stickler for accuracy, Pergrine insists, "David drove me out. There was no point in

doing ballet in Winnipeg with him if you were not going to do it 100 per cent."

As it turned out, Onaka was just a warm-up for the oldest and most prestigious of international ballet competitions held in July in the Bulgarian Black Sea port of Varna. The little Winnipeg troupe spent headed off, Hart and Pergrine occupying rooms in the decrepit Black Sea Hotel along with a full complement of shower stalls. Both boys ignored them until they awoke through the first qualifying round with the compulsory pas de deux



Pergrine, spared cold technical tricks

from Gaudin. In the second round, with Gaudin from Dan Quozov and Momenin Sharni, they became serious contenders for medals in the third and final round they repeated their Onaka winner. Being Bulgarian sadists and judges alike, starved of attractive Western choreography, went bananas. Enchanted by Hart's versatility and showbiz flair, the judges spared the cold technical tricks of the favored Russian and Czech girls and awarded Hart the gold medal in the Olympic senior class.

Because the poet Hart in the same rank as such previous winners as Mikhael Baryshnikov and the Bolshoi's celebrated Vladimir Vasiliev, it was not so much a novelty as a cultural breakthrough for Canada. Says Pergrine, "There has been only one other Western girl who has been a winner of a gold medal at Varna ever, and that was Eva Erdekmanova" (the Swiss-born Erdekmanova was the gold medalist a decade ago). Hart also won the rarely awarded Rostropovich Artistic Achievement certificate. Pergrine, who had been intensively coached before Onaka by National Ballet star Frank Augustyn, won the bronze. And Vasek again won the certificate for best choreography. Even

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Hart striding in Paul Flynn cockiness

Hart Stanford captured the top certificate for accompaniment and is now heading off to be apprentice conductor for the Paris Opera. "There was a rumor," laughs Hart, "that we would get a medal for best couple, but the judges thought that we was too much for our country." In the 16-year history of Varna it was an unprecedented feat, even by the standards of previous Bolshoi and Kirov cockings.

For Hart and Pergrine personally the win did astonishingly little to re-focus their ego. But their coach, 62-year-old David Maren, himself a former Royal Winnipeg star, was deeply affected. In a Varna cafe after the awards were announced, he looked around in embarrassment and said, "I'm sorry, kids, but here it comes," and burst into tears. What came out was not only the release of the terrible tension of competition but 10 years of frustration, trying to get both the company itself and the Canada Council to acknowledge that his impoverished little professional school was a valid alternative to Toronto's metropolitan and often disdainful National Ballet School. Simply, "the quiet tyrant" (in the sweet French and Russian metaphors volée here) had almost single-handedly produced in Hart one of the world's best ballerinas and he had done it in bush-league obscurity.

Naturally, the October performances displayed its leading lights to maximum effect. In producing evening *La Bayadère*, an opening night Hart and Pergrine danced three of four ballets which covered the spectrum from the classic *Pavane* through the dance drama *Fall River Legend* to the contemporary *Before you do that* and finally, *Pine Tangle* by one of the world's most intelligent choreographers. There was Maren of the Dutch National Ballet. Winnipeg audiences are not usually generous with applause, but as in Bulgaria, Vesel's *Shrimp* brought them to their feet and

gloried some uncharacteristic knots of joy.

As expected, Hart and Pergrine lived up to their formidable new reputations. Hart on stage is so much in command of herself that she has already developed the Paul Flynn cockiness of major ballet stars who seem to enjoy reducing technical difficulties to conspicuous insignificance. But the corps, particularly in *Fall River Legend* and *Pine Tangle*, was ragged. The gap between the tiny overworked cast of four principals (the others are Teresa Bacall and Janet Pelt) and the young

corps was disconcerting. The following night, with more rehearsals and the gift of a warmer audience, the company rebounded. Combining its technical control, celebrated vivacity and an unusually diverse and intelligent slate of choreographic offerings, the Royal Winnipeg had the look of a company that had safely broken out of "insipidity" into the brighter prospects of a new existence. For Winnipeggers, embarrassed by lavish media attention on last year's debacle, it was the gift of the fourth-decade birthday party all over again, this time done in real style. ☐



From closet to costume and onto the call-boards

By Allan Fotheringham

It is a fact, we submit, of Pierre Trudeau's lobby, an amazing view of life. A reflection of his lack of understanding of how modern and ordinary, truly people react. The area that Canada's future is about to become a very long way from the newspaper call-boards of London—usually the preserve of smug duffer and our readers come as no surprise to anyone watching the lead-footed Liberal approach to constitutional reform. The only people who seem astonished, while still denying it, are the aloof brutes in Ottawa who know little of human nature, human dynamics—or the greed of the London tabloids.

The script has been clear for some time to anyone who is not a lawyer, steeped in sub-embroidered dunes. The National Indian Brotherhood has been making about London for more than a year now, appearing in that insidious British feel for the underdog (developed because practically everybody who lives in Britain, never had the time to understand a life).

The Indians, naturally, want to make sure that any Ottawa attempt to renege the first constitution from the closets of Westminster be not achieved without some reduction of Indian demands on the throne and throne. The British love it. The Indian chiefs, in full tribal regalia, paraded before Big Ben some months back and Fleet Street at it while, reduced for a day of its quota of telegraphers excepting from their brains.

The English, one must understand, never outmaneuver. Mostly because most of them own a drab camouflage not too far removed from the denim surrounding Elton DeWitt (is Conner Gardner, the latter to hide the dirt, you know). It's why they love the Peary King and Queen and the Royals—two aspects of society, one at the bottom and the other at the top, allowed a Alan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Weekend News*.

little flash and dash in their raincoats.

The Brits also hold a romantic, childish view of the Golden West. Indians in the Pacific intrigues them, takes them away from their drab jobs before the battle in the Mojave factory and fills their dreams to overflowing whenever Clint Eastwood plays Pierre Trudeau at Constitution Gulch. The National Indian Brotherhood, representing Canada's 300,000 Indian Indians, is about to open an office close by Westminster and present a lobbying campaign at all these

pretty pie, to fiddle with a constitution we are incapable of agreeing on at home. It's the ultimate evidence we've not put grown up—and, just as interesting, the Liberals can no longer dominate the country they supposedly rule. Now let's see if we can put this (logic straight): 1. The Liberals by their politics and arrogance alienate the West. 2. The West doesn't vote for them. 3. So Trudeau says he has to go to ask Britain to do what Canada can't do—because he can't get the co-operation of the provinces! Brilliant! Brinkmanship in its simplicity.

The problem is that Pierre Trudeau, in his English phase long ago, spent his time at the London School of Economics and was not much of a fan of Fleet Street call-boards (although the one is just off that famous strand). It is unlikely he is aware of the most famous tabloid call-board of all: *STREET CHANCELOR*. CUT OFF. He would no more visit a London tabloid than the London nation printers who are facing Lord Thomson's Times of London to go

under would ever glance at the paper they produce (indignity) because it does not have the required quotient of sht.

The problem is that he has the words, but he doesn't have the tone. He speaks in the defense of the pressers—"Who speaks for Canada?" A nice question, the only problem being that he can't speak for Canada. He can do so only in compliance with the rumormongers because he is a party of Central Canada, at the Family Compact even more so than the English Tory. But Tories of Ontario has leaped into bed with the Grit Trudeau in fear of the growing power of the hinterland. The Liberals are a regional government, aimed to the four western provinces and unable to speak for them or to them. Until they can find one way to do so, they are due to be hit again as a public spectacle in the coming months on Fleet Street call-boards that will place us in the same credit place as Zerkowich Oil Canada.

board. Labour back-benders who've never had the time to understand a life. The prospects are delicious for the purveyors of the Fleet Street call-boards, which have prospered for centuries now as the proven staples of sex, sin and soccer. (Adapted by The Toronto Sun as a successful people known as "erotic, outrage and wawaw") Poor Mother England, not wanting all this Trudeau clucking at the apex strangle particularly since the last both-ersome—Zerkowich—has been bang from the rest, nevertheless has horrendous economic and labor problems. The spectacle of the rich, fat, vulgar North American colony fawning in public and expelling its insecurity, like a constitutional flapper, would prove a diversionment that would help cabinet circulation tremendously. Hold the underseas.

This is what is all so hilarious about this stiff-necked Liberal game plan. Mr. Trudeau, the closet republican, appealing to one-dimensional masters for a favor,

little flash and dash in their raincoats.

The Brits also hold a romantic, child-

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